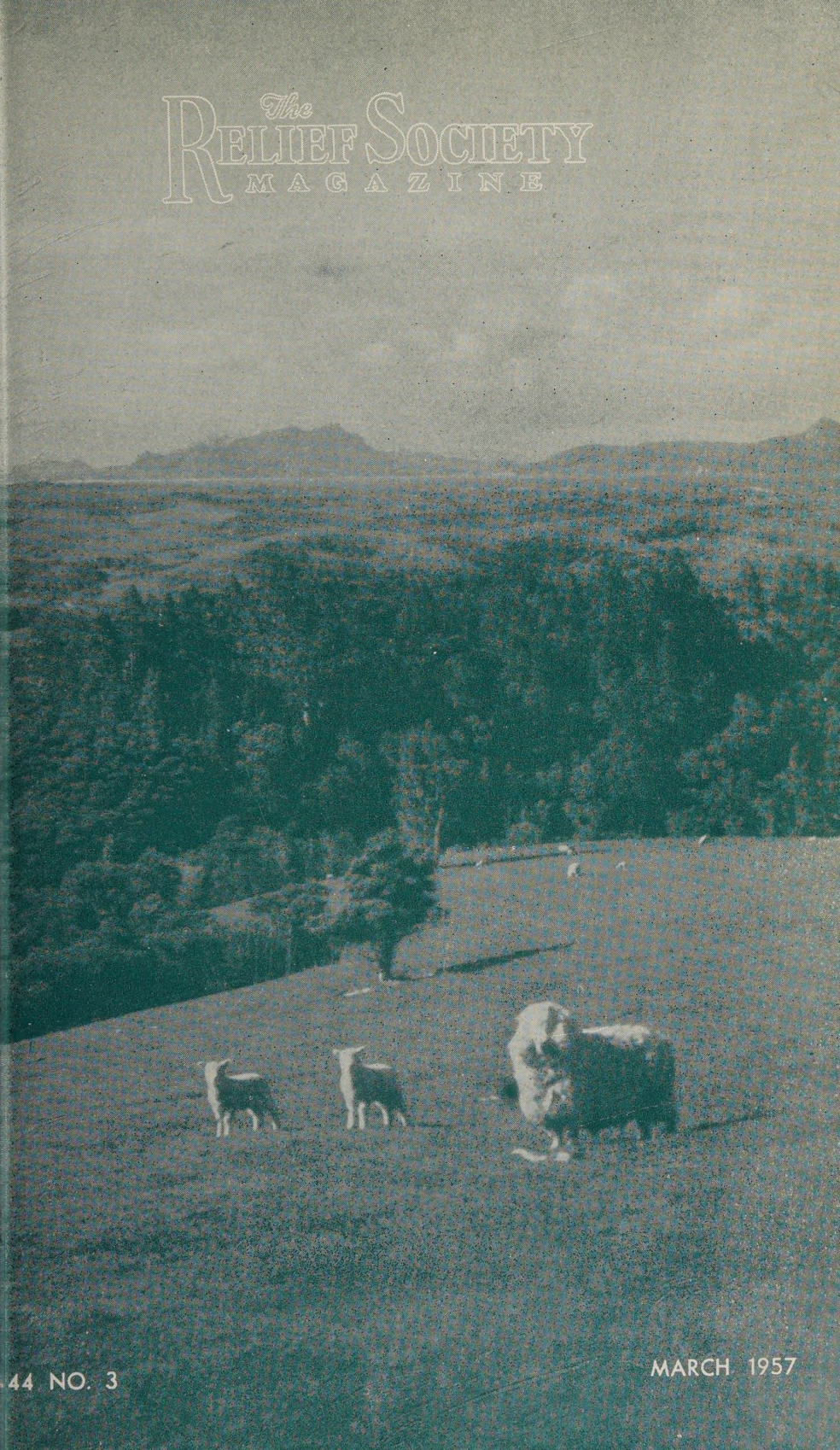
The Relief Society Magazine



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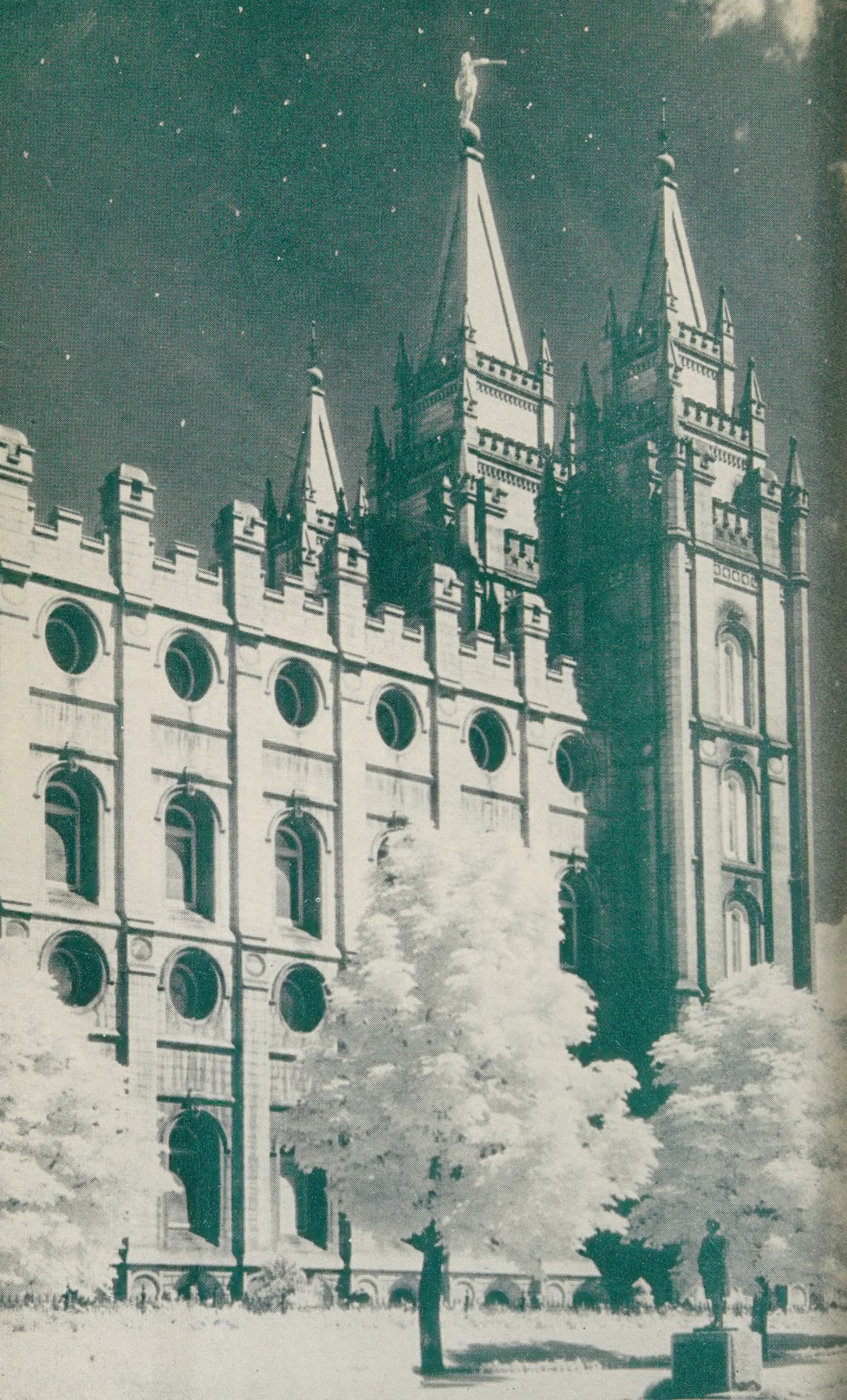

The Vastness of Space

Katherine P. Walton

When I'm alone beneath the stars
That fill the sea of space;
When I behold the powers that are—
That man cannot efface;
When I am told that in these realms,
Beyond the region of our eyes,
Are countless worlds that seem to us
Like specks of light amid the skies;
That farther on, out into space
Beyond our vale of stars,
Surrounded by celestial light
Are greater worlds than ours;
That farther onward to the end
Where end is not in sight
Are worlds revolving 'round their suns,
With stars and moons and light.

Then I can feel the power of God
That permeates through space,
The promptitude of all his works
For all the human race.

Limitless lies the space behind,
Unmeasurable lies beyond;
There is no end to space or time,
There is no end to man.
There is no end to powers that be,
Or creations such as these;
There is no first, there is no last
In God's immensities.
The things that have forever been
And will forever be,
Are held together by this force
Throughout eternity.
The powers that keep us on our course
Are in this wondrous plan,
To bring to pass eternal joy,
And eternal life to man.

The Cover: Sheep Grazing in a Green Paddock, New Zealand
Photograph by Whites Aviation, Ltd.
Submitted by Arta R. Ballif
Frontispiece: The Salt Lake Temple
Photograph by Willard Luce
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Congratulations on the wonderful December issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The sisters here in Finland were so thrilled with the pictures. . . . Our Relief Society is growing and the sisters love this great work. Each branch gets a copy of the *Magazine* with some translations from it. We also send a *Relief Society Magazine* to several members who are shut-ins who read English. We are grateful for the subscriptions that are sent to us.

—Hortense B. Robinson
President
Finnish Mission Relief Society

The first prize poem "Remembering the Handcarts," by Christie Lund Coles in the January 1957 issue of the *Magazine* is an excellent poem and I enjoyed it very much. The articles and stories also were interesting to me. I enjoy the entire *Magazine* and share it with many friends in the valley who are not subscribers.

—Mrs. C. W. McCullough
Park City, Utah

I enjoy my copies of *The Relief Society Magazine* very much. There is always an article that helps me in preparing talks for different occasions here in the mission field. Most of the time I have to hurry and read the *Magazine* so that I can take my copy to some good investigator who wants to know more about our women's organization. I am so proud of your new building, since it is a perfect example of the effort of organized womanhood with the holy Priesthood at its head. I thank you for a wonderful *Magazine* and for the joy it brings into my life each month.

—Elder Phillip R. Kunz
North Augusta
South Carolina

To former Counselor Velma Simonsen: I never have had the privilege of meeting you, probably never shall. But you do write such sweet, tenderly natural and heartwarming messages that you just sweeten and warm our hearts.

—Annie P. M. Hepworth
Salt Lake City, Utah

I have just read "So Dear to My Heart" in the October 1956 issue of the *Magazine*. I used to live in West Jordan, too. What a wonderful picture she gave of that lovely old chapel.

—Ila Tanner
Arcadia, Utah

The December issue of our *Magazine* is beautiful and most enlightening. I want to share my happiness and pride with friends. . . . I have been a member of Relief Society for fifty-six years and love the work more and more each year. The *Magazine* has been one of my guiding stars. I can remember reading the *Exponent* to my grandmother (who was blind) when I was thirteen years old.

—Sara J. P. Bell
Los Angeles, California

Congratulations on a very fine *Magazine*. My husband and I always read it together. As president of a small branch in Sweden, my husband had good use of the *Magazine* in teaching the good sisters.

—Birgitta Mitchell
Kooskia, Idaho

I enjoy Relief Society very much and have been a visiting teacher for the past nine years. I particularly liked the August issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The pictures and messages of the wives of the General Authorities are lovely.

—Sarah Marble
Brigham City, Utah

I think you are doing a fine job, as I see the *Magazine* every month since my wife is a subscriber. I want to take this opportunity to send you our very best wishes for continued success.

—Otto Done
Mexico City
Mexico

We are four generations of subscribers to *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is wonderful, and we could not do without it. We read it from cover to cover.

—Yuline Neilson
South Gate, California

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 16, Utah, Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

Women Are Worshipers of God

President Levi Edgar Young

Of the First Council of Seventy

House and riches are the inheritance from fathers: and a prudent wife is from the Lord. (Proverbs 19:14)

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. (Proverbs 31:10)

WHEN Adam was sent to the earth by his Father in heaven, he was not alone, for a woman became his companion and her name was Eve. Both words are Hebrew, and Adam reminds us of our lowliness and mortality. We know that God gave him a perfect human body, as he did Eve. They were placed on this earth in the Garden of Eden. They had children and one reads their history in the opening book of the Holy Bible and the books that follow.

"The first leaf of the Mosaic record," says Jean Paul, "has more weight than all the folios of men of science and philosophy." "And he is right," says Geikie, "for we owe to it the earliest and grandest revelation of that first principle of all religion—the existence, the unity, the personality, and the moral government of God." It is said that more books have been written on the first chapter of Genesis than any other subject known to man. One may well accept the truth of this statement, for it deals with God and the creation and man's divine origin.

From the beginning of human history, God the Father in heaven has walked with and talked to his children. In writing and thinking about the history of Israel, we must always remember that religion was the principal motive in all they did. Unshaken faith in God was the chief characteristic of the old patriarchs and prophets. Faith came as a result of their knowing they were children of God.

When Moses received the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai, he gave the message of God to the children of Israel who were marching to Jerusalem and the Promised Land. Women were the first to pledge obedience; the men followed, say our sages. The commandments established law as the center of Jewish life. One of the most scholarly historians of Judaism is George Foot Moore who tells that the earliest expositors of the law declared that man and woman are equal before the statutes. The authority for this statement is a sentence in the fifth commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother," and in a later statement found in the book of Leviticus, "Ye shall fear every man his mother, and his father. . . ." It is written by Professor Moore that, "The legal status of women under Jewish Law compares to its advantage with that of contemporary civilizations and represents a development of the Biblical legislation consistently favorable to women." In that far distant age, even when Rome ruled, Palestine was a part of the Roman Empire.

The Jews had their synagogues and women took part in holy service. We learn that the "Mother Synagogue" gathered the women together, and gave the women their duties. To some she gave cloth to sew that no maiden in Israel might go to her husband lacking a bridal chest. A Jewish Code has come down to us giving a description of the duties of women. They are:

Feed the hungry, and give the thirsty to drink.
Clothe the naked and shelter the homeless.
Visit the sick, bury the dead and give comfort to the mourner.
Support the widow and instruct the fatherless.
Ransom the captive.
Make garments for the orphan and provide for the betrothed maiden.

We are told that legend throws this code back to Abraham to whom it was revealed. When it was read to the people at the foot of Mount Sinai, they exclaimed, "We hear and we obey."

SOME of the most beautiful stories of all time are found in the Holy Bible. In fact, the Bible becomes the masterpiece of history in giving us the story of the peoples before Christ, our Redeemer, was born. Concerning women, we find in the Bible women of the truest nobility. The Book of Ruth is considered the most beautiful short story ever written, and then we have, to mention a few other women: Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, Deborah, Esther, Martha, Mary, Mary Magdalene, Naomi, and the Queen of Sheba. These women form the most remarkable female portrait gallery in existence."

The beautiful idyl known as the Book of Ruth, is a story of a family that lived in Bethlehem. There came a famine over the land at one time. The fruit of the orchards dried up and the fields yielded but a scarcity of harvest. Much suffering came to the people everywhere. One Elimelech with his wife, Naomi, went off to greener fields into the land of Moab. They had two sons who grew up among the strange people of Moab. In time they married two Moabite maidens. Sorrow came to the house of Elimelech, for the father and the two sons died, and the three widows were left unprovided for and unprotected. Naomi decided to go back to her people in Bethlehem. She did not expect the sons' wives to go with her, but Ruth chose to follow the mother, and the two made their way around the Dead Sea, and came to the old home in Bethlehem. Beautiful were the words of Ruth, when her mother Naomi entreated her to remain with her people. "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee," said she, "for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Ruth gleaned in the fields and won the heart of the rich Boaz, and became his wife. Children blessed their union. Their firstborn, a boy, was named Obed, and he became the father of Jesse, whose son was King David. "Thus the maiden of Moab became the mother of many kings and the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world."

WITH reverent thought we turn to the second chapter of St. Luke in the New Testament and read about the birth of Jesus Christ, our Savior. It is another exquisite bit of history.

Joseph and Mary lived in the little town of Nazareth. It was a strange circumstance that caused them to go to Bethlehem at the time that Mary was to become a mother. According to the edict of the Emperor Augustus Caesar, all people of Palestine were to go to the place to which by descent they belonged, to be enrolled in a general census. Joseph and Mary chose the city of their fathers as the place where they should register. The city was full of people. Only one place was left to rest. "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." The angels were round him and his birth. They worshiped the Newborn, and said with one accord: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." The stories of the Magi and the star of Bethlehem, of the angels and the shepherds, as given in the simple narrative of St. Matthew and St. Luke, go to make the story of the birth of the Savior the most beautiful idyl of all literature.

Coming to our own history, it was the mother of Cyrus Dallin who inspired her son to make the angel on the center tower of the Salt Lake Temple. She told him the story of the coming from heaven of the angel Moroni to Joseph Smith, and it gave Dallin the inspiration for creating the angel Moroni. It was his nature to wonder about the divinity of man, and he was impressed with the great characters of history who seemed to speak at times the words of God and to enact God's holy purposes. This was the cause of his unique greatness. When he read about the visit of the angel to Joseph Smith, and the directing him in the discovery of the gold plates, he saw something of the eternal and divine in the story, and he often quoted Michael Angelo: "Beauty cannot be separated from eternity." God became his immutable help. As one looks at the angel, one is impressed with the thought that it is a perfect creation, that a truth was in the mind of the sculptor. It was his ardent faith and warmth of enthusiasm that made him see something of the divine in the angel Moroni's coming to the earth.

"I now turn the key for women," said the Prophet Joseph Smith on the seventeenth day of March, 1842, when he organized the Relief Society of the Church in Nauvoo, and sent it forth on its mission of love. It was the beginning of a better age, and a more appreciative understanding of the divine mission of woman in the world. She was to take her place in the work of bestowing upon mankind the increasing consciousness of the immortality of spiritual values. Woman was to take her place by the side of man to play her part in the service and calling of God. In the early days of America, woman was the helpmate of man in the hard labor of those times, but in a different manner from that of today. Wives and daughters made clothing in the homes, helped to wield the ax, and

carried rifles to protect the village and home. When the husband was absent in the fields, the wife stood on guard in the cabin, always with eyes alert for prowling Indians. The frontier of America bred valiant women, who were likewise heroines of the spirit in which they were no less intrepid.

Today, woman has been lifted out of much of her drudgery of a hundred years ago, and the Latter-day Saint people have done a far-reaching work in establishing the proper attitude of society toward the "mothers of men." From the beginning of the Church in 1830, women have been given equal rights with their husbands in the home and social group. In the march of the saints to the West, women and children suffered, and the mortality among them was large, but husbands and sons had a sacred trust to protect them and to ameliorate their sufferings.

The pioneer women of the American frontier were often the leaders in thought and promoters of educational institutions. A woman opened the first school in the West for the education of Indian children. Mary Jane Dilworth taught the first school in Utah, and Camilla Cobb opened the first kindergarten, which was among the first kindergartens in America. Both were faithful members of the Relief Society of their respective wards. Hundreds of such women, Relief Society sisters, have given their lives to the uplift of humanity. They have looked after the poor, comforted the sick and unfortunate, and have ministered comfort when death has taken loved ones. "Like ministering angels, they go today into homes and comfort the sorrowful, relieve the distressed, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, wait upon the sick, and scatter glad news and cheer along the road of life."

The work of the members of the great organization for women founded over one hundred years ago, goes on from day to day. Theirs is a happiness deep and lasting. Theirs is an inherited ideal unique in the history of America. They radiate sunshine and joy when the clouds descend. Each one in her sphere has a dream of fine spiritual value as expressed by Emily Dickinson:

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Preface to a Calendar

Lael W. Hill

However swiftly days take wing and go—
Like birds, like soaring wind along the sky—
How singingly the swiftest hours fly!

Oh, lift an inner listening, and know
The song of time spun lark-voiced, and as high—
A moment's brief remembrance rushing by,
Its echo feather-fallen onto snow. . . .

Helen Woodruff Anderson Appointed Second Counselor in General Presidency of Relief Society

Alberta H. Christensen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

ON January 2, 1957, Helen Woodruff Anderson was appointed to the office of Second Counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society. Years of devoted Church service, academic training, and natural endowment qualify Sister Anderson for this important calling.

Helen Anderson, a gentle-voiced and gracious woman, evidenced, even in youth, personality traits which qualify her to fulfill her present assignment with distinction and honor. Humility, a subtle sense of humor, and a marked consideration for others have endeared her to those with whom she associates intimately and to all who have known her capable leadership. Hers is a judicious, quiet strength, with an element of self-restraint which commands respect; yet she is friendly and sociable, with a genuine interest in others. Her love for family and friends is apparent from the unselfish service she renders them.

In tracing the factors which have influenced her life, we recall that spirituality, devotion, and humility are her heritage. Her paternal grandfather was President Wilford Woodruff, fourth President of the Church. The memory of his humility and devotion has been for Helen a guiding light through the years. She is a daughter of the late Helen May Winters and Abraham O. Woodruff, a member of the Council of the Twelve. The early death of her parents left their four young children parentless.

HELEN WOODRUFF ANDERSON

Fortunately, the homes into which they were welcomed were kindly and understanding. After the death of their paternal grandmother, they made their home with President Heber J. Grant and Augusta Winters Grant, a sister of their mother. Here Helen matured in an atmosphere of refinement and spiritual integrity. She always speaks lovingly and appreciatively of the influence of this home in shaping her ideals and attitudes toward life. She recalls such counsel from Aunt Augusta which she feels has in-

fluenced her attitude and action: "Always do a little more than is expected of you; learn to enjoy the things you are required to do; self-preparation and trust in the Lord are companion requirements for success in any assignment."

Sister Anderson attended the L.D.S. High School and was graduated from the University of Utah with a major in home economics. In 1925 she married Alexander Pyper Anderson, who had filled a mission in New Zealand and later was bishop of Waterloo Ward for thirteen years. They have five children, four daughters and one son. All are married except Lynda, a high school student.

Helen loves Relief Society and understands the many facets of its program, having given it many years of devoted service. It has been joyful service, for her testimony is strong, being faith-grounded and maintained by constant activity. Under President Amy Brown Lyman, she worked in the general Relief Society offices in charge of employment. She has been a visiting teacher, stake board member, stake counselor, and president of Big Cottonwood Stake Relief Society. She has also served as group leader in the employment division of Jordan Valley Welfare Region. Since 1950 she has been a member of the general board of Relief Society, where she has become recognized for her ability and dependability and loved by her co-workers.

As each new door of increased responsibility opens, Helen W. Anderson steps humbly forward, inspired by her rich heritage, and sustained by her great abilities and her unwavering faith.

Love Begets Love

"IT is a time-honored adage that love begets love. Let us pour forth love — show forth our kindness unto all mankind, and the Lord will reward us with everlasting increase; cast our bread upon the waters and we shall receive it after many days, increased to a hundredfold. . . .

"I do not dwell upon your faults, and you shall not upon mine. Charity, which is love, covereth a multitude of sins, and I have often covered up all the faults among you; but the prettiest thing is to have no faults at all. We should cultivate a meek, quiet and peaceable spirit.

". . . We should gather all the good and true principles in the world and treasure them up, or we shall not come out true 'Mormons.'" (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 316.)

Hulda Parker Named General Secretary-Treasurer of Relief Society

Caroline Eyring Miner

Member, General Board, Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association

HULDA PARKER

ON January 2, 1957, Sister Hulda Parker was introduced as the new General Secretary-Treasurer of Relief Society and also a member of the general board. This appointment represents for Sister Parker further opportunity for Church service in a life already filled with much service in all of the auxiliaries. She is well prepared for this assignment and through her faithfulness and diligence, her appointment will prove to be a great blessing to the sisters of the Church.

At the time of her appointment she was serving on the Special Interest Committee of the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association and was secretary to Elder Mark E. Petersen.

Born in Richfield, Utah, Sister Parker has descended on her father's side from pioneer ancestors who have known the trials and sacrifices that converts experience and that the early pioneers knew who walked across the plains and built up communities in the valleys of the mountains. Ancestors of her mother's family were converted in Norway. The gospel has been endeared to Sister Parker because of this heritage.

Her father, Joseph W. Parker, deceased, and her mother, Matilda Olsen Parker, maintained a happy, God-fearing home for their family. Hulda was the youngest child. Her father served as a bishop and a member of the stake presidency, and her mother has been active in stake and ward Relief Society work and in teaching. When a child, Hulda moved to Draper, Utah, where she has lived the greater part of her life.

When Sister Parker was twenty, she took a challenging position to teach in the high school in Duchesne, Utah, and taught there for two and one-half years. Her school and Church students everywhere call her blessed. When she was in Washington, D. C., working as secretary to Elder Ezra Taft Benson, she and her co-workers in

the Church had phenomenal success with a genealogical class—building the membership from a small beginning into a very large and interested group.

Other forces and circumstances which have helped to prepare Sister Parker for her present position have been her service in the Canadian Mission field where she was an outstanding missionary and served as supervisor of the mission Sunday Schools and secretary of the mission Relief Society; as secretary to Patriarch Kimball of Mount Jordan Stake; as secretary for several years in the Church offices for Elder Ezra Taft Benson and Elder Mark E. Petersen and others of the General Authorities; her training at Brigham Young University; and her service as a member of the M.I.A. General Board from 1953-57 on the Bee Hive and Special Interest Committees.

Sister Parker has a strong testimony of the gospel. She is hard-working, thorough, sincere, conscientious, and efficient. She is pleasant and helpful and loves to work with people. She has accepted this new assignment with true humility and dependence upon the Lord. Those who know her and have worked with her are confident of her success in this great new calling.

The Family Unit

"THERE is no substitute for a righteous home. That may not be so considered in the world, but it is and ought to be in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The family is the unit in the kingdom of God. That we believe, and if we are fortunate enough, through the keeping of the commandments of the Lord, to go back and re-enter the celestial kingdom to dwell with him, we will find that we are his sons and his daughters, that he is in very deed our Father. As Paul has stated it, we are his offspring, and through obedience to every principle of eternal truth we will go back to be his sons and his daughters.

"Paul has said and prayed, speaking of the mission of Christ and his obedience to him:

> For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named (Eph. 3:14-15).

"If we get back into that great kingdom after the earth is redeemed, we will find ourselves members of the great family of God, and he will be our Father.

"He said, you know, to John:

> He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son (Rev. 21:7).

—President Joseph Fielding Smith, Conference Address, October 3, 1948, page 152

Mary Vogel Cameron Appointed to General Board

Vesta P. Crawford
Associate Editor, *The Relief Society Magazine*

MARY VOGEL CAMERON

MARY Vogel Cameron, appointed to the general board of Relief Society, January 9, 1957, comes to her new calling well prepared by heritage, training, and attributes of personality. She was born in Provo, Utah, to George and Martha Roberts Vogel, graduated from Ogden High School, and attended the University of Utah and the University of California. As a teacher in the schools of Weber County and Jordan District, her radiant personality and her many talents were further developed.

The rich promises of her gospel heritage found expresson early in Mary's life of devoted service. She has held executive and teaching positions in all the auxiliaries of the Church officered by women, and for several years was a member of her stake Primary board and later a counselor in the presidency. For nineteen years she served as a missionary guide on Temple Square, where she deepened and strengthened her testimony of the gospel, as well as explaining the doctrines of the Church to many who have since become members. Her Relief Society work has included teaching the theology lessons in her ward, and a long period of service on the stake Relief Society board.

Mary is an ideal mother and homemaker. A spiritual atmosphere, loving devotion, beauty, and order permeate her home. She was married to Donald Cameron in the Salt Lake Temple, and they are the parents of three daughters: Anna (Mrs. Dale S. Worden), Louise (Mrs. Robert K. Anderson), and Constance, a sophomore at the University of Utah. Eight grandchildren have brought much joy to Sister Cameron.

The gospel has always been a guiding light to Mary; she loves to study the scriptures, believes in the power of prayer, and has a deep and abiding testimony. She is endowed with wisdom, understanding, discernment, and the priceless ability of instilling faith and devotion in others. She is an eloquent and sincere speaker and writes with integrity and artistry.

Now, in wider fields of service, her intellectual and spiritual blessings will be extended to all the sisters of Relief Society, whose lives will be enriched by association with Mary Cameron.

Afton W. Hunt Appointed to General Board

Edith S. Elliott

Member, General Board of Relief Society

AFTON Watson Hunt, who was appointed to the general board of Relief Society, January 9, 1957, was born in Parowan, Utah, to Emily Crane and Lorenzo Dow Watson. Brother Watson was a lawyer. He died seven months before Afton was born. Her mother kept her family of seven children together and reared them successfully while serving as librarian for twenty-two years at the Carnegie Library in Cedar City. It was there that Afton spent her youth and received most of her education.

After graduating from the College of Southern Utah in Cedar City, Afton went to Berkeley, California, for special training to equip herself to teach the physically handicapped. She taught for three years in the California State School for the Deaf and Blind.

While in the Bay area, she met Mitchell W. Hunt whom she married. To the young couple were born a daughter, Florian, and a son, Mitchell, Jr. Afton today has five lovely grandchildren.

Later the Hunts moved to Idaho where Brother Hunt became first counselor in the Twin Falls Stake presidency and Afton served as president of the Twin Falls Stake Relief Society. The Hunts filled an Hawaiian mission, followed by a few months in the California Mission. Upon their release they retired to Laguna Beach where Brother Hunt became branch president and Sister Hunt was active in the auxiliaries. They won the love of many friends in Southern California,

AFTON W. HUNT

all of whom were deeply saddened when President Hunt passed away suddenly of a heart attack in 1951.

In 1954 Afton toured Europe and Britain where she took advantage of educational, cultural, and historical opportunities and also visited in many of the missions. Returning to America, she established a home in Salt Lake City, Utah. At the time of her appointment to the general board of Relief Society, she was first counselor in the University Ward Relief Society in the University Stake.

Sister Hunt has served most of her lifetime as a teacher in all the auxiliaries of the Church, with thirty years of service in ward and stake Relief Societies. Her training, experience, service and firm testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ amply prepare her for the position as a member of the general board of Relief Society.

Velma N. Simonsen Retires From General Presidency

President Belle S. Spafford

THE General Presidency of Relief Society announces that on January 2, 1957, in response to her request, Sister Velma N. Simonsen was released as Second Counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society and as a member of the general board.

The announcement of her release will bring a sense of loss to Relief Society sisters throughout the Church. At the same time, there will be feelings of gratitude for the happy associations they have had with her and for the able leadership she has given them.

Sister Simonsen was named a member of the general board in May 1945. In this calling, her leadership ability so asserted itself that when Sister Gertrude R. Garff was released as Second Counselor in the General Presidency, October 2, 1947, Sister Simonsen was called to fill this important position.

During the time that she has held this office, she has given faithful, devoted, and capable service. In addition to her general duties as counselor, she has had charge of the work meeting program, and also the annual stake Relief Society conventions. She has had continuous supervision of the Mormon Handicraft Shop, and for several years she supervised the Temple Clothing Department. As a member of the General Presidency, she has continuously served as an advisory member of the General Church Welfare Committee and, in addition, has been a member of the Deseret Industries Committee.

VELMA N. SIMONSEN

To all of these assignments she has brought enthusiasm, coupled with good judgment, ability, and a willingness to serve. Sister Simonsen has a strong faith in God and an abiding testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Her warm, friendly personality, together with her genuine love for the sisters of the Church have drawn them to her in love and admiration.

She has been a loyal and valued counselor and her contribution to the work of Relief Society has been a significant one that will stand a credit to her always.

Her associates of the general board love and esteem her as an able leader with whom they have enjoyed a close, personal relationship. It is with regret that they part with her as one of their number, wishing for her always the choice blessings of our Heavenly Father.

Margaret C. Pickering Resigns As General Secretary-Treasurer

Leone O. Jacobs

Former Member, General Board of Relief Society

WITH deep appreciation for her devoted service to the Relief Society, the general board reluctantly accepted the resignation of Sister Margaret C. Pickering, after eleven years as General Secretary-Treasurer. She served from October 31, 1945 to December 31, 1956.

Sister Pickering came to her position highly qualified in experience and ability, having twice served as secretary-treasurer of Ensign Stake Relief Society and as secretary-treasurer of South Eighteenth Ward Relief Society from the time of its organization in 1939 until she was called to the general board. She has a firm testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and a gracious and friendly disposition, which endeared her to fellow board members and all others who came to her office for information and help.

Also a valuable asset was the executive experience Sister Pickering brought to her position. She had served for ten years as a director of the Salt Lake County Chapter of the American Red Cross, part of which time she was vice-chairman in charge of women's activities, during World War II. In addition she had held executive positions in other civic organizations.

The work of General Secretary-Treasurer has been very exacting and complex, and during the eleven years of Sister Pickering's tenure

MARGARET C. PICKERING

the volume of detail and correspondence has increased proportionately to the society's great increase in numbers.

Beside her work in the office, Sister Pickering has taken her share of stake conventions throughout the stakes of Zion, fulfilling these assignments with a high degree of efficiency, and making friends wherever she traveled.

And now with her resignation, Sister Pickering, indeed, merits the satisfaction that comes from work well done, and members of the general board and her many friends throughout the Church extend to her their love and esteem, wishing her much happiness in the years ahead.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Slow Hurry

Vera H. Mayhew*

VERA H. MAYHEW

"WHY can't Daddy go with me?" twelve-year-old Jimmy Marcus demanded. "I'm sick of going with Joe and his dad. Always Joe and his dad. How come Brother Jenson always goes and Daddy never does?" He sat sprawled on the big couch in the living room, his face dark with frustration.

Millie wished she could answer his question. Sometimes she was tempted to say, "Because Daddy has things he'd rather do." She never had answered that way; she hoped she never would. She had to keep up the pretense that there would come a day when Daddy would go with Jimmy to the Father's and Son's Outing, with Ellen to Father's and Daughter's Night, or even with her to church, all the time hoping that it was not all pretense. If she didn't have that hope what was there to look forward to?

"Daddy has to go to a meeting of the planning commission," she said aloud. "He's very sorry, but you know how important it is to him to get Orchard Avenue zoned for two-family houses. Come on now, Brother Jenson said he'd be glad to come around for you, and you'll have fun, once you get there."

"Oh, all right, but I feel pretty funny when it's supper time and I don't have a dad to fill a plate for." Jimmy stood up and planted his feet far apart and firmly on the floor. "And Brother Jenson can't run all the races twice. He gets too tired, but he always offers, and then I have to pretend I have a sore knee or something."

Jimmy "hurried slowly" into his room. In spite of her sore heart, Millie had to smile, remembering the time several years before when she kept insisting that Jimmy hurry to do something and he had answered, "Oh, all right if I have to, but I'll hurry very, very slowly." Ever since she had called his reluctant shuffle to do something he

*For a biographical sketch of Vera H. Mayhew, see page 179.

didn't really want to do "hurrying slowly."

Ellen, who at fourteen was increasingly intolerant of the teasing of a younger brother, had taken advantage of Jimmy being away for an evening to invite her friend, Jeanne, to study with her. Now the two girls were seated at the dining-room table with a plate of fruit between them, chewing and giggling more than they were studying. Millie sat in the living room where she could see the girls and acknowledged to herself that she was hurrying slowly with the pile of mending in her lap.

SHE kept thinking of Jimmy at the party with no dad to run the sack race with him, and wondering how long she was going to be able to keep him going to the parties with some other boy's dad. It wasn't only the parties either. How long would Jimmy think that church was important if his Dad showed by his actions that he didn't think so? She glanced at Ellen's laughing face and thought, I have a better chance with her. Girls are more likely to go along with their mothers. But in her heart Millie knew fear.

Jim isn't helping me at all, she thought. I might as well be a widow bringing up my children! Then she was appalled that she even had such a thought. Jim was a sweet husband, a kind and loving father, whenever he was at home. If he were any other kind of man the children would not miss him so much nor be so eager to have him go with them on their small excursions. They had a good home, medical care, and all the things that children their age wanted or needed. She had no right even to think disloyal thoughts. Maybe she wanted too much. Maybe Jim was right, and it took twelve hours a day, seven days a week to be successful in business. Maybe all the things they could have because Jim worked so hard were as important as Jim thought. She stitched the torn neckband in Jimmy's T shirt and resolved to think of something else.

But thoughts once started have a way of coming back and back. She remembered her wedding day. They had come out of the Salt Lake Temple in the early afternoon and her parents had hurried ahead to get things moving for the reception that night.

Jim had guided her a little away from the path and had taken something from his pocket. "With this ring I thee wed," he had said. "Do you mind if I tell you twice that it's forever? Fifty million years and then some more." He had slipped the thin band on her finger, and she had stood silent, smiling with tears in her eyes, remembering all the vows they had taken that day.

Millie twisted the band on her finger. It was worn smooth in sixteen years, and she wondered if the vows hadn't worn a bit smooth, too? Where did we go wrong? she thought.

Was it that Jim's family was not quite as religious as hers? In his boyhood Jim had gone to church if he wanted to and stayed home, if that was what he felt like doing. But all the while they had dated he had gone with her to Mutual and to sacrament meeting. She couldn't remember that she had noticed

whether his parents were there or not. It was only later when Jim had begun to find excuses for staying home, and she had gone alone that she had noticed that none of Jim's family were there either.

Millie remembered the evening the bishop had come to their home a few months after they were married to ask Jim to be a member of the Sunday School superintendency. Jim had said how busy he was just starting his own real estate business, "I guess Millie will have to do the church work for both of us," he had said. And that's the way it had been.

WELL, she had kept up the church work and had taken the children to all the meetings they were supposed to attend. If Jim made other plans for a Mutual or choir practice night, she had not let them interfere. She, at least, had done her duty. Jim sometimes canceled his plans, but more and more he had proceeded with them alone. Now he had almost stopped asking her to do things with him, and he never went with her. Lately they hadn't even been talking much. A little about the children and where he was going, if she asked. Tonight, when she pinned him down about going with Jimmy, he had told her about the zoning meeting. But mostly, she realized, she didn't know what he was doing.

The twist of fear was stronger. It isn't only that the children are growing up without knowing the companionship of a father, she thought, but after the children are gone and we are alone, what will we have? What had happened to this marriage that was to last forever? How could I have known we didn't have the same ideas about what was worthwhile in life?

Millie was too restless to sew. She put the basket of mending away and went into the kitchen.

"We're through studying, Mom," Ellen called. "Is it all right if we turn the television on?"

"Go ahead," Millie said. "I'm making a batch of fudge. It will be ready before Jeanne's father comes for her, I think."

It was better to keep herself busy. Perhaps then she wouldn't think so much.

Somehow Millie couldn't stop thinking, that night or in the next few weeks. Something had to be done about their life as a family. Almost a month had passed, when Jim came home from a late appointment and sat down in the living room. He didn't open the paper or pick up a book, but kept stirring restlessly, looking at her, then looking away.

Finally he said, "Mil, Dave Evans is in town and he has brought his wife. They will be here only over tomorrow, and I'd like to take them to dinner. It would be much nicer for Mrs. Evans if you went along. I know it's Mutual, but couldn't the kids go with some of the neighbors just this once?"

Something about the way Jim looked, pleading as young Jimmy when he wanted something very much but feared he wouldn't get it, stopped the almost automatic response on her lips. Instead of refusing somewhat curtly, as she usually did, she said, "Of course, Jim, if you want it. Would it be nicer to have them at home?"

Jim looked at her in surprise.

"Not this time," he said. "It's pretty short notice for you to get up a dinner. Sweet of you to offer. Nice of you to go." He stood up and moved toward the bedroom. Almost there, he turned. "Thanks Mil, thanks awfully."

I should thank you, Millie thought. She tried to remember the last time Jim had asked her to go any place. She thought about the surprised look on his face when she said yes. She must think about this. Maybe Jim was feeling the same need of family closeness that she did. Maybe he didn't know how to go about getting it either.

MILLIE dressed with great care for the dinner party with the Evanses and tried to be a good hostess. She turned the conversation to the Evans family, the Evans vacation, the Evans home, and listened with real interest. She surprised herself by not thinking about the children more than once or twice all evening.

"It was a nice evening," she told Jim as they lingered a few minutes in their own living room.

He put his arms around her and laid his cheek against her hair.

"You're a knockout," he said. "Pretty as sixteen years ago. The Evanses thought so, too. I'm glad we could give them a pleasant evening. Dave's done a lot for me."

Millie felt closer to Jim than she had done in years.

The next day as she went about her work she kept thinking of the night before. If just once agreeing pleasantly to a wish of Jim's could bring her this feeling of increased compatibility, she wondered what it would be like if she lived more for Jim. Then she thought, this thing doesn't work one way. If it makes me feel so good to do something Jim wants, he would feel the same way about doing something for me. She must think of something.

Actually, the thing came about without any contriving. On Sunday, as Millie cleared the table after dinner, she slipped on a spot of grease that had splattered on the floor near the stove and turned her ankle. It was quite painful and the swelling came up fast.

The first few minutes all was confusion. Jim picked Millie up and carried her to the couch.

"You kids get busy and clean up the kitchen," Jim said. "Mother mustn't step on this foot at all."

"How can we do dishes when you're taking up all the room getting out ice?" Jimmy asked.

"There are other things to do on a cleanup job," Jim snapped. "Besides I'm almost through. Just get me a couple of thick wash cloths, Ellen, and I'll be out of your way."

With infinite gentleness, Jim took off Millie's shoe and stocking and began to put on cold compresses. When he called the doctor he was told to continue the treatment and call him the next day, if the swelling was bad. After a half hour Jim pulled the afghan over Millie and sat beside her, his face white as hers. So the afternoon passed, a half hour of compresses, a half hour of rest.

"Really Jim, it hardly hurts at all now," Millie insisted after the third application of cold, wet cloths.

Ellen and Jimmy kept asking how she felt, and Jim reported that the kitchen looked perfectly slick.

Finally Ellen said, "Is it all right if I leave for church now? I'm one of the youth speakers tonight."

Millie sat up quickly. "Hand me my shoes and bring me a comb," she said. "I'll be ready to take you in just a minute."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Jim said. "You'll stay right on that couch till I carry you up to bed. You're going to keep off that foot for several days."

"Ellen can't just let them down at the last minute like this," Millie protested.

"Why don't I stay with Mother," Jimmy said, "and you take Ellen to church, Dad? I can wring cloths out of ice water, but I can't drive a car."

Jim looked uncertain, a little shamefaced. His glance turned to Millie, and she held her breath waiting for his decision.

"Okay," Jim said. "But don't you leave your mother's side."

"YOU have a very smart daughter, Mrs. Marcus," Jim said as he came in after the meeting. "People were almost as impressed at her talk as they were to see me in church."

"Oh, Daddy!" Ellen said, but her face was glowing.

"No kidding. You gave a right good talk." Jim put his arm around Ellen's shoulder and drew her close for a minute.

"I'm sorry to have missed it," Millie said. "I knew you'd make us proud."

She had said "us," and hadn't realized it until she heard the word. She held out her arms to Ellen, but her thoughts were with that little word she had used that showed that unconsciously she thought of them as a family all concerned with each other's successes.

Now was the time to hurry slowly Millie knew, but it was not because of reluctance. She mustn't push Jim. He loved her and he loved the children. He had shown that the day she sprained her ankle. But the pattern of sixteen years would not be easy to break. She remembered how hard it had been for him to ask her to go with his clients to dinner; and just because an accident had gotten him to church once didn't mean that he would go again. But I'll keep praying and trying, she thought.

Our spiritual separation has been as much my fault as his, maybe more, she admitted in a flash of honest self-appraisal. I've been self-righteous! I've gloried in doing my duty just to show him! At that moment she didn't like herself very much. But her next thought seemed to set her on the right track. Maybe Jim has been leaving church out altogether to show me. Oh, not consciously, she hastened to add. But something may have pushed him as something pushed me. Just that little bit of difference in our background kept pushing us farther and farther apart. We should have met that and worked out our own way of life in the beginning. I guess that deep down inside we were each too sure that our way was right. But it isn't too late. Oh, it can't be too late!

Nevertheless, two Sundays had passed and Jim had not offered to go to Sunday School or sacrament meeting. Ellen had shyly suggested that he come along, but he had a

ready excuse and Millie had said nothing.

Now it was Sunday again. Jim stayed home and worked in the garden while Millie and the children went to Sunday School. As the time neared for sacrament meeting, Millie resolved to ask Jim herself, if he would go with them.

"Jack Barnes and Ken Murray are to be the speakers at church tonight," she said. "They're just back from their two years in the service. Jack has been in Germany and Ken in Japan. Come with us!"

JIM looked at her almost blankly then a look of relief crossed his face. "I don't care if I do."

"How different those boys are," Jim mused as he helped Millie spread sandwiches for a late Sunday snack. "Jack could say everything so easily. You felt almost as if you had been there with him. For Ken it was harder, and most people wouldn't get much from his talk. But I admired Ken. He did something hard the best he could. Ken taught me something."

Millie waited for Jim to go on, but he sliced meat in silence.

At last he continued, "Do you have a feeling that we understand each other better?"

"Yes, I do," she answered.

"What do you suppose happened? You know I was getting worried about us."

You were getting worried! Millie thought; aloud she said, "That night I went with you to take the Evanses out to dinner something came straight in my mind. I discovered that you had a point of view and that I could look through it, too. Before that there had been just one right way. Mine."

Jim smiled and took her in his arms. "The same bug must have bitten us both. The things you like aren't really so bad. I sort of like to go to church. But you made such a thing of it the very first time I just didn't feel like going, that I had to rebel. Or thought I did." He rumpled her hair then pressed her head against his shoulder. "As the kids grew up, I always felt like a heel when I didn't go some place where I should have been. But I could see you knowing I was going to let them down. Couldn't seem to help myself. I just never could be pushed."

Millie smiled, thinking of Jimmy. "It's funny," she said softly. "I can see now that there are times when the necessary pressures of life would make it wrong for you to ignore an outside call to go to Mutual or on a picnic."

"Not often," Jim replied. "Mostly I made the importance in my own mind. Sometimes, I grant you; times when a plane should be met or things happen just this once. Mostly it was my pigheadedness."

"And mine," Millie said, then she giggled. "We surely hurried very, very slowly toward an understanding of family life."

"But we did get there," Jim said.

"Hey, I thought you were making sandwiches," Jimmy opened the kitchen door and shouted.

"Give them time," Ellen said and pulled him back into the dining room and closed the door.

"They're all done," Jim said.

"We'll be right with you." Millie's eyes met his in deep understanding, as they turned to take the filled trays in to the rest of the family.

The New Zealand Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Whites Aviation Ltd.
Submitted by Arta R. Ballif

CABBAGE TREE IN THE "BUSH COUNTRY," NEW ZEALAND

MISSIONARY work in New Zealand began in October 1854, when Augustus Farnham, President of the Australian Mission, accompanied by Elder William Cooke, a convert from Australia, arrived in Auckland to open a mission for the Church. They labored diligently in Auckland and vicinity, on the North Island, and in Nelson and vicinity on the South Island, for about two months, but did not make any converts. President Farnham then returned to Australia, leaving Elder Cooke to take charge of the work. This diligent missionary, working alone during the winter of 1854-55, baptized ten converts at Karori (near Wellington) and organized, in March 1855, the first branch of the Church in New Zealand.

The headquarters of what was known as the Australasian Mission, consisting of Australia and New Zealand, was moved from Sidney to Auckland in 1881. During the same year, the mission president, William M. Bromley, began missionary work among the Maoris of New Zealand.

Whites Aviation Ltd.
Submitted by Arta R. Ballif

VIEW OF THE GREEN HILLS OF NEW ZEALAND

The plan met with success, and, in 1883, a branch of twenty-seven members was established in the Waotu settlement, with Hari T. Katera as president.

The Book of Mormon was translated into the Maori language in 1887 by Elders Ezra F. Richards and Sonda Sanders, assisted by several educated natives. At the close of 1887 there were 2,573 members of the Church in New Zealand, 2,243 of whom were Maoris.

The Australasian Mission was divided in 1897 and New Zealand was made a separate mission. At the end of 1930 there were 7,256 members in the mission.

In 1913 an Agricultural College was established by the Church in New Zealand, which has been of great benefit to the young Maori members.

President David O. McKay, the first President of the Church to visit New Zealand, announced after his return to Salt Lake City in February 1955 that a temple would be built in that land.

Today the New Zealand Mission is in a prosperous condition. There are 14,630 members, located in sixty-eight branches. Ariel S. Ballif is the mission president. In December 1955, seventy Relief Society organizations were reported with 998 members. Arta R. Ballif presides over the New Zealand Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover of this *Magazine*, "Sheep Grazing in a Green Paddock," represents typical New Zealand scenery. See also "Recipes From New Zealand," page 192.

The Bright Star

Chapter 1

Dorothy S. Romney

KATHY Tracy was puffing from her steep climb up the hill by the time she reached the top step leading to the terrace. As usual since his retirement, old Phineas Fenton was seated in his big leather armchair. And, as usual, he was gazing across the waters of the Golden Gate, crimson now in the last glow of the September sun.

Without a single word of greeting, Phineas declared, "I like the crash of the waves down there. Shuts out the humdrum sounds of all those new-fangled household contraptions Grace has let herself be talked into buying."

Kathy stood there not knowing how to begin. It was hard enough just to face old Phin, let alone ask him for a job. But it had to be done. She simply could not allow Aunt Em to go on working so hard. If only Uncle Phin were a real blood relative, instead of just a family friend. . . . She took a step closer and began, "Uncle Phin. . . "

"Hmm," he growled, "you startled me," as if this were the first indication he had of her presence. "What do you want?"

She was saved from replying for the moment, when Grace Fenton, Phin's daughter-in-law, came out of the house. "Why, Kathy," she said graciously, "how nice to see you. Not that I blame anyone for not climbing up here any oftener than necessary."

"Have to live where I can see the ocean," old Phin muttered.

"Of course," Grace agreed pleasantly. "It just makes it a bit hard for others to get up here to see us."

Old Phin coughed impatiently, and Kathy surmised he was wishing his visitor would come to the point, then take herself off, so he could go back to his daydreaming.

"Aunt Em is getting old," she began, and saw Phineas wince. I would start out wrong, she told herself. He's a whole generation older than she is, and likes to think himself young. She forced herself to continue. "When Grandfather Tracy died years ago you told us to come to you if we ever needed anything. Uncle Phin, I need a job."

"Don't know that I have a job for anyone. Business is slow all over," Phineas complained, fretting his lower lip with his teeth like a petulant child.

"You can find Kathy a job in one of your office buildings in San Francisco," Grace said in her soft, unemotional tones. "I'm sure some small job would do to start with. Kathy's interested in becoming an artist, and this would give her time to work on her paintings."

"Painting!" Phineas snorted. "Same kind of malarkey Em would have gone in for, if her father hadn't had sense enough to put a stop to it."

Kathy wisely chose to ignore this remark.

"She's bright and talented, too," Grace urged loyally, and Kathy could have wept for her kindness.

"Confound you women, let me alone," Phineas growled. He turned

to Grace. "Hand me that note paper," he said, indicating a pad on a small table a few feet away. He started scribbling, then turned to Kathy. "Here, girl, what's your full name?"

"Kathy Lynette Tracy," she said distinctly.

"Hmm," he snorted, "pretty fancy. Sounds like a brand of starch."

You'd think he hadn't heard my name hundreds of times, Kathy found herself thinking, as Phineas tore off the note and handed it to her.

She glanced at it just long enough to make sure he was giving her a job, then stood up.

"You mustn't go yet," Grace protested. "Let me bring you a glass of cold orange juice."

"Oh, thank you," Kathy said, "but I'm afraid I must get back."

She had a job, and felt that she'd burst if she didn't get down and tell Aunt Em the joyful news. She stopped in front of Phineas' chair. "You'll never regret giving me this chance, Uncle Phin."

He scrutinized her owlishly, then sat up straighter. "By jove," he said, "it's a good thing you're pretty. The tenants like pretty girls in my buildings."

Kathy nodded goodbye to Grace, her eyes almost brimming over with tears of gratefulness. She walked down the steps and path leading to the shrubbery.

Behind the thicket of laurel, out of sight of the Fenton mansion, was a stone bench. Kathy crumpled upon it. She fished in her sweater pocket and brought out the note. Phineas had written clearly on it: "Give this girl, Kathy Lynette Tracy, a job as switchboard operator. Pay her fifty dollars a week." It was a small fortune, she'd be rich on this, rich enough to pay all the household expenses, and the money in the old Chinese chest could be saved for an emergency. Money Aunt Em had saved, penny by penny, through an infinity of stitching, a maze of jams and jellies sold to the village stores. Kathy never wanted to take another stitch or look at another jar of jam the rest of her life. She and Aunt Em would both be free of all this drudgery.

She started planning. She'd come home nights—commute across the Golden Gate bridge—that way she could spend all her spare time with Aunt Em. Then, perhaps, Kathy's heart gave a little plunge—stay over one evening a week to take that course in art she had dreamed of for so long.

KATHY got up and continued down the path. Ahead of her loomed home—the gray, three-storied house. The house her grandfather, Jon Tracy, had built at the turn of the century. The house Aunt Em loved so dearly. Kathy thought its three uncompromising tiers of gray wood rising from the rocky beach were just as gorgeous as the Fenton place atop the hill. Jon Tracy, who had spent his life piloting one of Phineas' cargo vessels, had built his home as close to the ocean as was considered safe, where the noise of the surf and the foghorns could be heard constantly. Kathy was sure Miss Em would die without these familiar sounds of her childhood. She must never, never have to give up the gray house.

Kathy left the path, and finally reached the ravine made by the spring, crossed the miniature cherry-wood bridge she herself had built over the small stream. She paused with a longing look at the tiny cabin at the very feet of the waves. The cabin Jon Tracy had built and filled with the beautifully carved chests and relics he'd brought from far-off lands. The China house, as it had become known, had long been Kathy's refuge when troubled. But she dared not go in now and sit down in the comfortable rocking chair, or she'd never get up to the house, and Aunt Em might need her.

When she finally reached the haven of the kitchen, she found that it was empty. She called "Aunt Em! Aunt Em!" Receiving no answer, she went into her aunt's bedroom. It was empty, and so was the rest of the house, she found. "Where could she have gone?" Kathy asked herself.

Kathy collapsed in the rocking chair beside the old-fashioned kitchen range. The fog was already settling down in the ravine, and it would be dark before long. Maybe she'd better go out and look for Aunt Em, she thought, as she rose to set the kettle on the hot part of the stove. A cup of chocolate would warm her up. It was then that she saw the note, propped against the sugar bowl on the table.

She picked it up and read it swiftly: "I felt that I needed some fresh air. Please don't worry, and go ahead with your date with Jim. I'll be back soon."

JIM! Kathy had completely forgotten that this was their night to go into the village for that movie date. She'd better eat a hurried bite and get ready, as Jim was never known to be late and hated to be kept waiting.

She reminded herself that Aunt Em insisted on her going out once in a while in the evening. "I won't have you making a recluse of yourself because of me," she'd declared. "Besides, it's the only chance I have to catch up on my Book of Mormon reading."

A sandwich and a cup of hot chocolate was all Kathy could possibly eat. She had barely finished when Jim's knock came on the kitchen door.

"Hi!" he greeted. "Grab your coat and let's get going, or we'll miss the early show."

Kathy got up, but stood uncertainly in the middle of the kitchen floor. "Hey, come on, you in a trance or something?" Jim prodded.

"Aunt Em's gone out . . . and I shouldn't leave until she gets back," Kathy spoke slowly.

"What's so unusual about Aunt Em going out?" Jim asked. "She's always running off somewhere, isn't she? Goodness — she knows the countryside around here like the back of her hand. She'll be all right," he assured her.

"I suppose so," Kathy replied, still reluctant to leave. She had a strange foreboding — she felt sure she shouldn't go out before her aunt returned. For one thing, she remembered how much Aunt Em had slowed down in the past few weeks, not only in her actions, but her speech was actually slower — perhaps she wasn't well.

(*To be continued*)

Ward Linton

HILLSIDE IN SAN BENITO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

I Had Forgotten

Catherine E. Berry

I had forgotten time could bring
An end to every lovely thing . . .
The fairyland the snowfall made,
The weeping willow's lacy shade;
A candle's glow, a scarlet tree,
The way your eyes once looked at me.
And wept for loveliness gone past,
For dreams and love that did not last.

I had forgotten time can heal
The wounded heart, can place its seal
Upon the past, and yearly bring
The cycle back again to spring.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

NORTHERN IDAHO: That part of Idaho called Coeur d'Alene, and in which is my home, comprises the two northernmost counties, Shoshone and Kootenai. It is a nest of mountains with beautiful lakes nestling among them and streams of water coursing through every gulch, except where tower the snow clad peaks above the timber line.

A trail cut through the banks of snow
Winds up and o'er the mountain chain
To where the pines of Idaho
Stand guard upon the Coeur d'Alene.

—Helen L. Young

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN DAVIS STAKE: President Susan Grant presiding . . . made opening remarks, said we did not come together to advance new ideas but we have come with a desire to be blessed. . . . "I have been connected with this Church for a long time and it is my testimony that God hears and answers the prayers of the faithful saints. When we are in deep sorrow we can go to Him and He will hear us. We have all enlisted in the service of God. Our names are all enrolled in the Relief Society, it is the duty of all the sisters to attend their meetings."

—Phebe C. Sessions, Secretary

ROSES FOR PRESIDENT WOODRUFF'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

They are the roses Reverence and Regard
That know no change.
But bloom forever, though the storms be hard
And ways grow strange.

They are the roses that I bring to you,
Your gaze to greet;
To scent the way you take with fragrance true,
And make life sweet.

—Miss Rose Wallace

SILVER WEDDING: Elder John C. Sharp, Bishop of Vernon, Tooele Co., and his wife celebrated their silver wedding by entertaining about fifty relatives and friends at the Templeton Hotel in this city, on Friday evening March 12th. Among the guests were Apostle H. J. Grant and wife, Mrs. Catherine K. Palmer, who is almost eighty years old and mother of Mrs. Sharp, Pres't H. Gowans and wife of Tooele Stake, Brother Samuel Woolley and wife of Grantsville, Brother Wright and wife of Nephi, Brother Louis Stransbury and wife of Vernon, Brother Thackeray and wife of Croydon, and many relatives of this city. The evening was pleasantly spent with music, feasting and conversation.

—E. P. F.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THERE are sixteen women in the Eighty-fifth Congress of the United States, the same number as in the eighty-fourth, though two of them are new: Representative Florence P. Dwyer, Republican, New Jersey, and Representative Kathryn E. Granahan, Democrat, Pennsylvania. Edith Nourse Rogers, Republican, Massachusetts, was elected to the House of Representatives for her seventeenth term, and Frances Payne Bolton, Republican, Ohio, for her tenth. Margaret Chase Smith, Republican, Maine, remains the only woman Senator. The other representatives are: Republican: Katherine Ind and Marguerite Church, Illinois; Democratic: Edna Kelly, New York; Gracie Pfost, Idaho; Leonor K. Sullivan, Missouri; Edith Green, Oregon; Elizabeth Kee, West Virginia; Iris Blitch, Georgia; Martha W. Griffiths, Michigan; and Coya Knutson, Minnesota.

NELLIE BELLES MACMILLAN, born in Spencer, Indiana, is the mother of Harold Macmillan, Britain's new Prime Minister. She met and married Maurice Macmillan, musician and publisher, in Paris in the 1880's. Largely through her insistence, Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* was purchased and published by the Macmillan Company.

MABEL S. HARMER'S *True Book of Pioneers*, published in March by Childrens Press, Chicago, has been named a Junior Literary Guild Selection. It is the first book by a Utahn to receive this distinction. Mrs. Harmer's *True Book of the Circus* was her first contribution to the Childrens Press *True Book* series. Beautifully illustrated, the new volume depicts the day-to-day activities of America's countless pioneers. Mrs. Harmer, an active Latter-day Saint, is a frequent contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* and the author of a daily *Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram* Children's Story.

MRS. CLARE BOOTH LUCE, fifty-three, has resigned as American Ambassador to Italy. Foreign Minister, Gaetano Martino, bestowed the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit, Italy's highest decoration, on Mrs. Luce, commenting that if United States-Italian friendship "has now become a permanent part of the spiritual life of the two nations," it was to her credit.

SUSAN WARNER, in writing *The Wide, Wide World* in 1850, became the author of America's first fiction bestseller. Thirteen editions were printed in 1850-51.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 MARCH 1957 NO. 3

Relief Society Legacy for Young Women

"WHAT does Relief Society offer to me as a young woman?" This is a question which may be in the minds of many young women who are beginning to make a home.

Here are a few of the opportunities which may be mentioned that a young woman has as a legacy of Relief Society.

In this modern mechanized world, opportunity for expression may be lacking because so many of us are watchers and listeners. In Relief Society, a young woman has an opportunity of voicing her views on subjects which are interesting and worthwhile—theology, literary masterpieces, authors, family relationships, and other subjects. She has the chance for forming opinions through study and discussion with other women—some who are her own age and others who are older.

The knowledge and opinions of the mother are an important part of the foundation on which children learn to think and learn why they think the way they do. It behooves young Latter-day Saint women, then, to learn as much as possible not only of the gospel of Jesus Christ, but also of all the fine and domestic arts and handicrafts, in order that they may share this knowledge with their families. Much of this knowledge can be gained through activity and study in Relief Society.

A young woman may have the opportunity of developing leadership abilities if she becomes proficient and is called to executive or teaching positions. In these capacities she will find that she needs, among many virtues, those of poise, kindness, and humility. She who inculcates these qualities in her life will have a great influence upon the other members and upon her children as well.

The Relief Society Magazine is another avenue of expression which the young woman is given in her legacy of Relief Society. She may have a flair for poetry or short stories; or she may like to write the factual or the travel-type article. One of the main purposes of the *Magazine* is to stimulate and increase interest in the literary talents of women.

A young woman also finds the opportunity to serve in many different ways. She may be able to help in the accomplishment of a welfare project or she may realize the joy which comes from compassionate service she has given to a sister.

From her associations with older women of the society, she gains wisdom and insight in life's situations, and a feeling of oneness with her sisters, an understanding that life itself is unchanging despite exterior conditions.

Young women who find themselves asking the question: "Why should I be interested in Relief Society?" may well consider these values. If the legacy of Relief Society to the young women of the Church included nothing more than an opportunity for self-expression and service, it would be a priceless gift which is not found in any club or other activity.

May the young women of this generation claim this gift of opportunities by actively participating in Relief Society.—J.N.

Relief Society Singing Mothers Present Music Over National Broadcasting Television Network

SIX hundred Singing Mothers from Salt Lake and Utah County areas sang "The Twenty-third Psalm," with music by Franz Schubert, on the "Wide Wide World Program" which presented a Salute to the American Woman, over the National Broadcasting Television Network, Sunday, January 6, 1957, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. The event, originating with KSL-TV, was telecast over 200 stations to an estimated thirty million listeners and viewers. Representing nearly thirty-one thousand Singing Mothers throughout the Church, these sisters, under the baton of Dr. Florence J. Madsen of the Relief Society general board, and with Frank W. Asper at the organ, rendered the sacred anthem with great sincerity and accomplished musicianship.

The Singing Mothers appeared at the conclusion of the "Wide Wide World Program." They were introduced by commentator Dave Gerroway, who spoke as follows:

> But in the West one more chapter is still to be told. We visit with 600 women who tell the story in song. Our live cameras are scanning the spires of the Mormon Temple and Tabernacle on Temple Square in Salt Lake City and the voices you hear singing praises to the Lord over our broad land are the combined chorus of the Relief Society Singing Mothers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—mothers, wives, and daughters—out of their homes in the valley of Salt Lake and the mountains beyond.

In her letter to the stakes represented, thanking the Singing Mothers for their lovely and enthusiastic performance, President Belle S. Spafford expressed her appreciation:

> Not only did they perform masterfully under the able baton of Sister Madsen, but through their radiant countenances did they portray most impressively the spirit and beauty of Latter-day Saint womanhood. We feel confident that through this performance countless numbers both in and out of the Church will have increased their appreciation of the cultural opportunities afforded through our great organization. We feel also, that many other Singing Mothers choruses will have been encouraged in their endeavors.

Many letters of appreciation have been received at the general offices of Relief Society commending the excellent and appealing rendition of the great Psalm, and expressing admiration for the unity of effort and effect in the singing of the Mothers, as well as their lovely appearance as a group.

In a congratulatory letter to President Spafford, Herbert Sussan, producer of "Wide Wide World," commented:

> I certainly hope you agree that all the efforts were worthwhile. We were all most impressed by the great quality of the performance. Even more so, the faith and warmth reflected in the faces of the singers was most inspiring to our vast television audience.

And, in a letter to Sister Madsen, Mr. Sussan expressed his appreciation for the quality of the music presented:

> I should like to congratulate you and the wonderful organization that you conducted on the January 6th Wide Wide World program for the most effective presentation of its type that I have ever seen on television. Musically, we were thrilled by the high quality of their performance.

This event, shared by many people in all parts of our country, was a heartfelt and significant occasion for the Singing Mothers and for Relief Society women in all the stakes and missions of the Church—an opportunity to present a message of faith through the faces and the voices of the Singing Mothers. Their devotion and their performance will long be remembered.

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

THE April 1957 issue of The Relief Society Magazine will be the special short story number, with four outstanding stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"Mountain Vacation," by Deone R. Sutherland
"New Shoes for Flo," by Wanda F. Hilton
"Two of a Kind," by Maude Rubin
"Going Modern," by Frances C. Yost

These Things I Love

Helen H. Jones

These things I love:
Soft music built on unexpected
Harmonies,
Clean silhouettes against the moon
Of leafless trees;
Life that runs a rocky course
Not hewn by chance,
Finding its power through purpose,
Not through circumstance.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Index for 1956 Relief Society Magazine Available

COPIES of the 1956 index of *The Relief Society Magazine* are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 16, Utah. The price is 15¢, including postage.

Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1956 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, including the index. If leather binding is preferred, the cost is $3.50, including the index. These prices do not include postage, and an additional amount to cover postage must accompany all orders for binding of the *Magazine*. See schedules of postage rates in this issue of the *Magazine*, page 208.

If bound volumes are desired, and the *Magazine* cannot be supplied by the person making the request, the *Magazines* will be supplied for $1.50 by the *Magazine* Department, General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 16, Utah. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that all wards and stakes have one volume of the 1956 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1956

ORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Ashley	Uintah	Melba H. Tullis	November 2, 1956
Brigham Young University	East Provo	Alice Wilkinson	January 8, 1956
Burbank	San Fernando	Evelyn P. Brown	September 16, 1956
Canyon Rim	East Mill Creek	Bertha H. Blomquist	October 28, 1956
Covina	Pasadena	Lucille C. Hales	February 26, 1956
Flagstaff	Snowflake and California Mission	Ruth W. Palmer	September 23, 1956
Hayward	Oakland	Myrtle Davidson	August 26, 1956
Holladay	Cottonwood	Elaine B. Curtis	March 18, 1956
Kansas City	Independence District Central States Mission	Marjorie M. Reeve	October 21, 1956
Lake Mead	Las Vegas and Moapa	Mary R. Edwards	August 19, 1956
Lakland-Berkeley	Oakland and Berkeley	Annabelle W. Hart	August 26, 1956
Reseda	San Fernando	Blanche A. Flint	September 16, 1956
Spanish Fork	Palmyra	Fern Brockbank	September 30, 1956
Springville	Kolob	Clara Sumsion	October 21, 1956
Tucson	Southern Arizona	Avez M. Goodman	December 2, 1956

Stake	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Valley View	East Mill Creek and Wilford Stakes	Grace E. Berndt	October 28, 1956
Walnut Creek	Berkeley	Ellen J. Haddock	August 26, 1956
Missions			
Northern Mexico	Mexican	Kathleen B. Bentley	June 10, 1956

REORGANIZATIONS

Stake	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Beaver	Bernice Thompson	Kathleen S. Farnsworth	May 1, 1956
Bountiful	Lula G. Eldredge	Marilla H. Sessions	March 20, 1956
Calgary	Freda Kenney	Helen B. Pitcher	March 18, 1956
Cottonwood	Elaine B. Curtis	Nina B. Davis	March 18, 1956
East Los Angeles	Genevieve L. Anderson	Margaret W. Clarke	April 22, 1956
East Mill Creek	Zettella W. Thurman	Thelma B. Dansie	October 28, 1956
East Provo	Zina P. Dunford	Ethel M. Wilson	January 29, 1956
Emigration	Lucille G. Williams	Dean B. Norberg	September 27, 1956
Farr West	Geneva M. Law	Ada J. Taylor	September 22, 1956
Florida	Effie Meeks	Vella V. Tilton	October 25, 1956
Fresno	Lyla J. Coombs	Olive Child Phillips	September 9, 1956
Gooding	Jenna Vee Hall	Nina Beth G. Cunningham	June 17, 1956
Grand Coulee	Alfreta Gail Jardine	Jane Maria Larsen	February 26, 1956
Gridley	Alice I. Ferrin	Ivy M. Brown	September 23, 1956
Houston	Sadie Ollorton Clark	Kathryn K. Willis	October 14, 1956
Klamath	Mae Belle Nielson	Vesta M. Lewis	April 29, 1956
Kolob	Grace C. Crandall	Luella T. Wilson	October 21, 1956
Lake View	Esther (Beth) McEntire	Catherine Child	June 10, 1956
Layton	Faun L. Reynolds	Mary Barber	February 5, 1956
Lyman	Opal W. Broadbent	Elease Rollins	October 28, 1956
Mill Creek	Mary M. Wright	Rachel Park	July 9, 1956
New York	Vera H. Hales	Margaret D. Stephenson	February 26, 1956
North Carbon	Elva Judd	Edna Broadbent	August 6, 1956
North Sevier	Josephine Thomsen	Ora C. Mason	April 22, 1956
Palmyra	Fern Brockbank	Maude H. Ludlow	September 20, 1956
Palo Alto	Violet B. Smith	Ruby M. Dobbins	September 9, 1956
Park	Velma N. Glade	Bernice R. Campbell	March 11, 1956
Redondo	June Baggett	Kathryn L. Squire	August 27, 1956
St. George	Verna L. Dewsnup	Roma C. Esplin	June 10, 1956
Salmon River	Louise Arave	Helen Olson	May 20, 1956
San Fernando	Evelyn P. Brown	Naomi Gilmore	September 16, 1956
San Luis	Lettie S. Jensen	Verla Crowther	May 20, 1956
Santa Monica	Odette P. Coulam	Hilda Goucher	September 16, 1956
Santa Rosa	Ruth M. Pell	Dorothy S. Blaisdell	February 5, 1956
South Sanpete	Zella C. Christensen	LuDean H. Cox	September 25, 1956
Temple View	Lorena W. Anderson	Margaret M. Glad	September 16, 1956
Uintah	Muriel S. Wallis	Evyln G. Richardson	June 10, 1956
Wasatch	Ruth Mae Witt	Mina C. Giles	May 6, 1956
Washington	Mae A. Evans	Marcia C. Steele	August 2, 1956
Wilford	Grace E. Berndt	Lois Jensen	November 4, 1956

Missions	Released President	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Argentine	Amy Y. Valentine	Marilynn Haymore Pace	July 25, 1956
Danish	Mary G. Sorensen	Ora Irene H. Petersen	January 10, 1956
Great Lakes Mission	Florence H. Richards	Mary Pehrson Christensen	October 17, 1956
Netherlands Mission	Ada S. Van Dam	Lucy Emma Gedge Sperry	July 12, 1956
Northern California	Amelia P. Gardner	Hazel Sperry Love	August 22, 1956
Norwegian	Sigrid H. Andresen	Zina R. Engebretsen	February 16, 1956
Samoan	Rita H. Stone	Thelma Hansen Sampson	October 17, 1956
South African	Nora C. Duncan	Holly Wood Fisher	October 7, 1956
Swedish	Ethel E. Blomquist	Ruth T. Oscarson	July 12, 1956
Swiss-Austrian	Johanna B. Perschon	LaVelle D. Curtis	June 22, 1956
Uruguayan	Louise Bush Parry (deceased, 6-14-56)	Sharon Parry (Miss)	
Western Canadian	Elizabeth Zimmerman	Annie Ruth B. Larson	January 10, 1956

STAKES DISORGANIZED

Stakes	Released President	Date Released
Berkeley	Irene Thorley Ranker	August 26, 1956
Oakland	Annabelle W. Hart	August 26, 1956

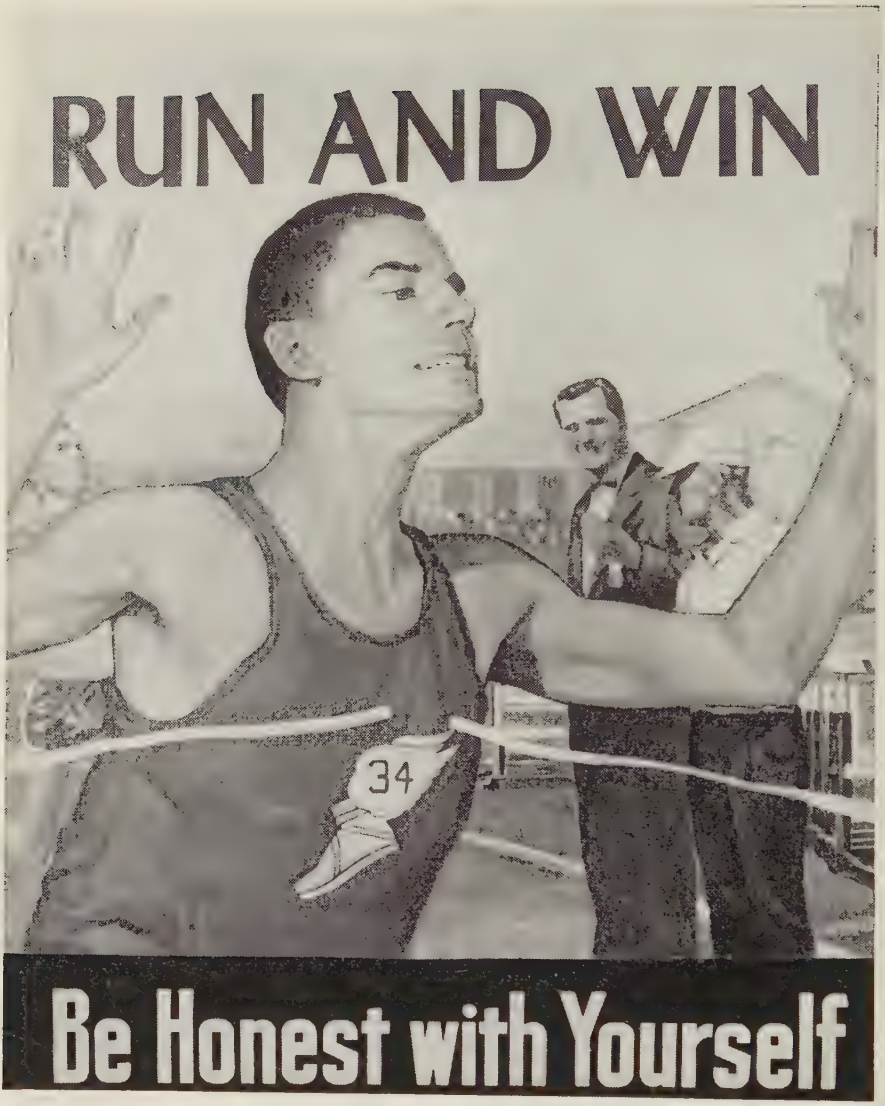
World-Changer

Maryhale Woolsey

Small Danny-Boy has been here — my world
globe tells me so:
Antarctica is up on top, the North Pole's
down below.
And I'm inclined to wonder, as I view it
with a frown,
In what ways Daniel, grown, might turn a
real world upside-down!

Vera Hinckley Mayhew

Vera Hinckley Mayhew appears for the second time as a winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, with her offering "The Slow Hurry." "My husband, Wayne, and I live in Berkeley, California," she writes, "and we spend as much time as we can squeeze out on our ranch in the Napa Valley, where we breed Arabian horses and entertain our eight grandchildren. We have two sons and two daughters, all married and living in widely scattered places. I have been active in Relief Society for many years as a ward and stake literature class leader, and as a ward and then a stake president. Over the past twenty years a story of mine has occasionally appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* or the *Era*. For the past two and a half years, since my household and Church responsibilities have decreased, I have kept a more regular writing schedule and my appearances in both Church and outside publications have increased."



Run and Win

ALL life is a race which everyone wants to win. Happily, all of us can win, for we run not against one another but against ourselves. Moreover, we set our own handicaps. These handicaps are the times and the measures, the ambitions and the goals we set for ourselves. But once having set our sights, it's up to us whether we win or lose in the race.

Young man, young woman, what are your goals in the race of life? Health, long life, business success, the friendship of good and great people, a comfortable home, a happy family, security for self and loved

ones, faith in a more glorious future life, with a well-earned inner assurance that a loving Father will reward in heaven good deeds done here? If these are the sights you set for yourself and for those you cherish, your high aims must be matched by constant and increasing daily endeavor.

To win you must run and not grow weary; you must not faint or falter a single step before the race is won. Don't slow your pace by breaking training rules, or shorten your stride in the running of the race. To win the race of life, you must keep physically, mentally, and spiritually fit.

To be less — to do less than your best is to cheat yourself and your loved ones of the rewards which belong only to winners.

Then — on your mark, get set — go!

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Spring Opening

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Forsythia was first to voice
Disdain for winter's reign of frost.
There was scant reason to rejoice
For earth and sky were winter-crossed.

Still every limb wore bells of gold
In gay defiance of the weather.
The sun-flecked tune their chiming told
Was light as if a golden feather

Had fallen from wide wings of spring.
Though skies were cold in clouds of dun,
As warm as hours June would bring,
Forsythia was filled with sun.

The Whitethroat in the Grass

Ethel Jacobson

Sparrow of the snowy throat,
Whence these arias come pouring,
From weedy clumps you loose a note
Pure as a lark's in heaven soaring,
In highest heaven soaring.

Of faith you sing, though men shrug by
Where praises rise from grassy altars,
Of faith that knows how fond an eye
Watches over you, nor falters—
Faith that never falters!

Stratford-Upon-Avon and the Shakespeare Memorial Theater

Ramona W. Cannon

SHAKESPEARE could not have been Shakespeare without Elizabethan London, with its mere 200,000 inhabitants, its brilliant coffee-house intelligentsia; its newborn spirit of youth, hope, and adventure; its beauty and brutality; its perfumed air and vile stench; its spiritual yearning; its insistence upon the importance of the individual — and with it all London's almost daily familiarity with the executioner — so much so that not death itself was what counted but only the manner of meeting death—with courage and dignity. All of these undoubtedly taught Shakespeare much of his skill in probing the diverse passions of the human heart.

Shakespeare could not, however, have reached that vast universality which characterizes him above all other writers, without the lovely Warwickshire countryside where he had his important beginnings and early youth. In visiting Stratford-Upon-Avon, one feels the gentle shadow of this exquisite place projecting itself into drama after drama of the master poet-playwright.

How different is nature's grace in the broad embracing curve of the Avon River, from the tutored grace of Queen Elizabeth in the dance, executing a *pas de chat* considerably above the floor! The sweet air, the ancient trees, the incredible profusion of flowers with their slight movements, their colors and starry forms, their legends; the ever-changing ways of sky and clouds — these were undoubtedly the gossamer threads from which was woven much of Shakespeare's poetry, his *Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It,* Ophelia's mad scene in *Hamlet,* the romantic balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet,* and many scattered lines of verse that move the soul with their beauty.

The trip from London to Stratford-Upon-Avon in May was a charming introduction to the theme of Warwickshire itself.

There were still patches of "bluebell woods"—carpets of tiny massed bells stretching under the trees in delicate blue glamor. Bright-colored wild flowers and "lady's white petticoats" made the scene gay. Green meadowlands ascended to rolling hills crowned with thick growths of trees in multiple shades of green interspersed with red copper beeches and other bright foliage. Lovely hedgerows divided fields and farms and grazing lands, with Hereford and Black Angus cows, pigs, and newborn lambs that looked scarcely a foot long. Lilacs bloomed exuberantly, and blossoming shrubs and fruit trees made a delicate pink and white tracery.

Suddenly we were in Stratford, and we had slipped far back in time.

Photochrom Company, Ltd.
Graphic Studios, Tunbridge Wells
Kent, England

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, ENGLAND

Young William Shakespeare must have been familiar with many of these houses almost four centuries ago.

ONE could spend days absorbing the architectural details that lend so much charm and quaintness to Stratford. The irregularity and diversity in the shapes of roofs, gables, substantial chimney stacks, and projecting circular thatches over dormer windows create a beautiful rustic artistry. The chimneys are most picturesque. They may be oblong, square, tall and narrow, or diagonal as in Shakespeare's daughter's home, Hall's Croft. The tops are frequently in ornamental shapes that give a beautiful architectural finish to the buildings. From big chimneys rise, often, clusters of little chimney pots (pipes).

The timbered houses give Stratford its most characteristic charm. Generally the handhewn timbers are set perpendicularly or diagonally in the plaster walls, but in some they are elaborately patterned with curves, which are difficult of execution, as an important part of the design.

There is the same kind of alikeness in the houses as exists in people; yet the very striving for individuality that characterized the Elizabethan men and women, is evident also in these old homes. Some of them, of the pointed-architecture type, are very interesting.

Thrift is apparent here, too. There is one relic still used as a shop and home. Its front wall, stricken with age, leans toward the street, sloping from a high, steep roof, sharply pointed, to within eight feet of the ground. Scraggly thatch projects like a beetling eyebrow, and, occasionally, the birds take out a straw for their nests. The supporting corner timber is split wide open so an iron pipe, planted in the ground, rises at an angle of forty-five degrees, pressing against the weakened corner timber, and is fastened to the roof at its high point.

Many houses have overhanging second stories, some third stories also. There are thatch roofs and tile roofs. The leaded windows and unusual doorways give great style and beauty to the buildings. There are large window spaces — sometimes in the overhanging fashion — containing perhaps fifteen panels. In one window, each panel has a double-leaded circle in the center, and in the space between the leaded rings, is a fleur-de-lis design, probably a family coat of arms. Some of the glass is a greenish or bluish tint, often with a very transparent bubble in the center of the pane. These occasional colored bubble panes, contrasting with plain, clear ones, make interesting designs. In one doorway of fifty-four small panes, for instance, this contrasting bubble motif was worked out.

Of the historic buildings in Stratford, Holy Trinity Church, where Shakespeare's remains have rested since his death in 1616, is in a remarkably beautiful location on the river bank and is representative of architecture beginning with the thirteenth century. Shakespeare's birthplace is a large, handsome old home dating from the early sixteenth century. The timbered room in which he was born, in 1564, has a large stone-and-brick mantel. On the glass of its one window, eminent people who have visited through the years have scratched their names, among them Thomas Carlyle, Isaac Watts, Sir Walter Scott, Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry.

Of New Place — the handsomest home in Stratford at the time, which Shakespeare bought for retirement — only the foundations remain, but a memorial garden is maintained which is much like the garden the poet himself planted and tended.

THE thatched cottage of Anne Hathaway in Shottery, a mile distant, is timbered outside and inside. It is a spacious farmhouse which was familiar to young William, who courted Anne there. The oldest part of the house dates from the fifteenth century; the old-fashioned garden is true to type, and the kitchen has a fireplace big enough in which to barbecue an ox, and is arrayed with old-fashioned kitchen utensils. There is, also, the Arden Farmstead, home of Shakespeare's mother, in nearby Wilmcote, and near the center of Stratford-Upon-Avon, is the large and elegant home of Dr. John Hall and Susanna Shakespeare Hall, daughter of the dramatist.

The Shakespeare museum and picture gallery, close to the Memorial Theatre, teems with interesting items that bring Shakespearean dra-

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Kent, England

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, ENGLAND

matic history to life. Among many portraits of the poet is the famous Droeshout painting, which is one of only two in existence, "of which it can be positively asserted that they were known to anyone who ever set eyes on Shakespeare himself." There are magnificent portraits of many distinguished Shakespearean actors through the centuries. Among them are Ellen Terry, Violet Vanbrugh, Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, Mary Anderson, Madame Modjeska; and one especially interesting portrayal of the trial scene of Queen Katherine in *Henry VIII*, presents famous Fanny Kemble and other members of the acting family of the Kembles.

There are many artists' conceptions — both poetic and dramatic — of great scenes in Shakespeare's plays. The walls are lined with imagined biographical portraits of Shakespeare as an infant, surrounded by the (nine) passions, Shakespeare at the baptismal font, and other pictures. The dagger, script, tablets, and chain used by actor Henry Irving are on display along with a cast of Sarah Siddons' lovely, artistic left hand, and a death mask and a cast of the clasped hands of beloved actress Ellen Terry.

IN 1820 Charles Mathews, British comedian, unsuccessfully attempted to create interest in building a

Shakespeare memorial theatre at Stratford. Later, Charles E. Flower got the idea underway and presented a two-acre site on the bank of the river. In 1879 the first Memorial Theatre was opened with a Shakespeare Festival. In 1926 the theatre was burned to the ground. Through press appeals, contributions for a new theatre poured in, with Americans giving $625,000.

The present theatre was opened in 1932. It is a modern building of rose brick, dramatically situated on the bank of the curving Avon. Swans, so familiar to Shakespeare's eyes, are everywhere in evidence. I easily counted twenty-nine of the long-throated beauties floating on the wide, quiet waters. They were especially effective under the arched bridge which spanned the Avon in the poet's day.

In front of the theatre, the flower gardens on a belvedere at the river's edge are most artistically arranged. Yellow tulips rise high above orange-red, fragrant Siberian wallflowers. On the opposite side, red and orange parrot tulips top velvety yellow wallflowers. A wonderful rose garden is not yet in bloom, but the variety and number of flowers which are blooming surprise one. Corners of gardens are worked out in white double and quadruple daisies. In one corner of the grounds are ornamental box hedges about ten feet long, under horse-chestnut trees burdened with pink blooms. In the windows of the theatre itself are boxes of bright yellow flowers, while inside the foyer is a great vase containing a most impressive arrangement of flowers centered by an enormous calla lily.

The building is modern, comfortable, and well-lighted. It contains a restaurant, library, picture gallery, and its own wardrobes and workshops.

Britain's best actors now take part in the Shakespeare Festival, which lasts six months. One touring company carries Shakespeare to Europe and has gone as far as Australia. The very highest standards are maintained both in their company and in the Memorial Theatre.

I was fortunate enough to see *Hamlet*, which was most satisfying. The reading of the lines and the English diction were music to the ear and made the play clear even to those who were unfamiliar with the occasional archaic phrases. The strolling players were particularly vivid in their parts. Perhaps that was so because the strolling players of Shakespeare's day were very good and realistic actors.

A minimum of scenery was used, but that troubled no one. The properties, if scarce, were handsome. The picturesque sea chest that represented Hamlet's departure really dressed up the stage.

These performances are well worth the traveler's time and effort, and forever after one will hold in one's heart a feeling for the great poet-dramatist which comes only from experiencing more closely than is possible in any other spot a little of Shakespeare himself.

The American National Red Cross

ON THE JOB WHEN IT COUNTS

By Virginia Glenn

Red Cross Field Representative

THE American National Red Cross acts day in and day out, training people in first aid, home nursing, and water safety skills to help them be more self-sufficient and prepared to cope with the hazards both of peacetime living and potential enemy attack. It maintains a network of regional blood programs to help the sick and injured and to serve the nation in great emergencies. Red Cross today is giving direct personal assistance to the people of Hungary—expressing with food, clothing, and shelter, compassion to these people in this time of international disaster.

To carry on this great work, the organization needs volunteer workers to serve their neighbors through the Red Cross. And, the organization needs the financial resources which make the work possible.

In some cities the Red Cross is included with other community organizations in fall campaigns. If this is the case in your community, and you did not join the Red Cross last fall, you will want to become a member in March and receive your membership card.

This is your Red Cross. Keep it strong and vital. Keep the Red Cross on the job . . . when it counts . . . where it counts. Join and Serve.

Apricot Tree

Della Adams Leitner

From my north window I can see
A tree lace-clad in spring array
Against the background of the hills,
It heralds all the joys of May.

Each time I look out I rejoice
In loveliness that I can share;
My heart is stirred to gratitude,
I softly breathe a thankful prayer.

It sways so gently in the breeze,
The birds are flitting in and out;
They voice the praise that I would sing,
Dispelling thoughts of fear and doubt.

At harvest time the luscious fruit
On laden boughs will fill the tree,
But all the beauty it now gives
Supplies a feast of joy to me.

Be a Relief Society Magazine "Promoter"

June Nielsen
Assistant to the Editor

(Talk given at *The Relief Society Magazine* Department, Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1956.)

YOU are promoters—promoters of a good cause, *The Relief Society Magazine*, which can bring inspiration, beauty, pleasure, and knowledge to the reader with a seeking mind and an understanding heart.

To "promote" means to move forward. As Latter-day Saints who believe in the principles of eternal progression, we may all continue to move forward. To help you, as promoters, move forward in your work as *Magazine* representatives and to help you with your problems, we have gleaned suggestions and ideas from those stakes whose promotion of the *Magazine* was outstanding last year (1955): first, from those which made the highest percentage increase in subscriptions during the year; second, from those which made the highest percentage increase in subscriptions in stakes making the honor roll this year and not the previous year; and third, from those which made the highest percentage increase in subscriptions having all wards one hundred per cent this year and not last year.

Letters from those stake Relief Society presidents and *Magazine* representatives tell us that it was by faith. Because of faithful ward and stake representatives and other officers, they achieved their goals. I think a concise definition of faith is: belief put into action. We might take the definition of belief from the dictionary, which is "mental certainty." Faith is, then, mental certainty put into action.

We find, in most of these stakes and wards, that definite goals were set for *Magazine* subscriptions. These goals varied — some stakes set one hundred per cent in all wards, others 150 per cent for the stake. These goals became certainties in the minds of the ward and stake representatives and officers as they went forth to accomplish the goals. They proceeded to put those beliefs into action throughout the year.

We want to share with you some of the ways which were used to promote the *Magazine*. After the goals were set, in several of the stakes all of the stake officers were urged to emphasize the *Magazine* as they visited the various wards. Thus, the *Magazine* representative received the help and encouragement of the entire stake board. Some stakes used charts which showed the status of the wards in the *Magazine* campaign. Charts were displayed at union meetings. Regular *Magazine* departments were held in union meetings in the successful stakes last year. In these departments, topics concerning *why* and *how* to sell the *Magazine* were discussed. Promotional ideas which the individual ward representatives were using were exchanged. One stake

eported they used the preliminary ime of union meeting once each ear for *Magazine* promotion. In is program, the ward representa- ves participated and were recog- ized for their behind-the-scenes ork. This proved to be a very ffective way of encouraging ward epresentatives.

ERSONAL contact with the Relief Society sisters was emhasized as the greatest, single elent in increasing subscriptions to e *Magazine*. In most of the stakes om which we have received letters, e representatives tried to make ersonal contact in every home in e ward. In one stake a letter was nt to each home. This letter told out *The Relief Society Magazine* d the goal which had been set. was reported that the response as very encouraging. One stake presentative stated that she never ok *The Relief Society Magazine* fore she was asked to be stake epresentative—simply because no e had ever asked her to subscribe. One stake reported that the stake presentative visited Relief Society meetings in all the wards with the permission of the stake Relief Society president and gave a short talk using the *Magazine* as a visual aid. Another stated that their representatives were "*Magazine*-minded," that they never went any place without their subscription receipt books because they found so many opportunities to use them.

The ways of achieving the goals and putting your beliefs into action are many. These are a few promotional ideas that have proved effective in stakes. Some of the elements which I think could make up the word "promote" and which I think will bring success if acted upon are:

P—plans—set your goals.
R—readiness—be willing and prepared.
O—opportunities—make your own opportunities.
M—motivations—motives mean action.
O—other opportunities—be "*Magazine*-minded."
T—talk—the way of making personal contacts.
E—enthusiasm—it is contagious and effective.

No matter where you are, you can move forward or promote. Be a promoter of every good thing.

My Fortune

Enola Chamberlin

Days I have loved are golden days
When I have said a word of praise
To one in need, when I have smiled
To meet the laughter of a child.

Hours I have loved are silver hours
When I have taken scented flowers
To someone loved or quite unknown
Who was shut in or just alone.

These days and hours have made my years
Until I find as twilight nears,
And gray is creeping in my hair
That I have wealth beyond compare.

Embellishment

Clarissa A. Beesley

FROM our desks in the Salt Lake Temple annex, we watched the beautiful Relief Society building rise on the landscape. First, the huge excavation was cut deep into the ground; then the solid, massive foundations were laid, and the thick, enduring walls were raised with their insets of doors and windows; finally, the protecting roof was completed, and we said, "It is finished." But, even as we spoke, we knew it was not so; we knew that both on the outside and within the walls, there must be added manifold details of embellishment before this imposing building would be complete.

And I thought, how like this is the building of a life and particularly, a Latter-day Saint life!

Often, when it has been my privilege to lead a group of mature adults in a gospel study, I have said within myself, why do I attempt to discuss with these good people the things which they already know so well? They are highly intelligent; they have been trained in the Church and in its teachings through all their days; they have laid strong foundations of faith and knowledge in their childhood; in their youth and early maturity they have built the walls, girded with strength and endurance. What is left to be done?

The building across the street gave the answer: There is still the embellishment, the beautifying to be done.

As I pondered upon this, a wide vista of possible accomplishments in life's ripened years opened up before me. I could have given much thought as to how the physical body, notwithstanding the ravages of time, might be so cared for that it would continue lovely in personal cleanliness and daintiness and sweetness of spirit, and how the mind might not be allowed to become stagnant, but be stimulated ever to be alert and seeking new treasures of knowledge and wisdom. I could wish that this might be the way with each one of us and that age might be robbed of its tragedy and be crowned with beauty, vitality, and joy.

Especially I reverted to my own troubled question concerning the pursuit of gospel study and asked myself, what are some of the things to be done now in the embellishment of our spiritual lives' building, in these later years? And the answer came:

First, we must be sure that the knowledge of divine principles gained through the years is without blemish. Did we grow to maturity with a correct understanding of these doctrines? In our childhood did we learn this gospel correctly, or did we receive impressions not quite accurate which we have carried with us? How many such impressions did we receive? Now is the time to give a thorough checkup to our store of information, to strengthen the buttresses of truth, and to remove any weak supports.

Next, have we added to our original store of knowledge as the years have come and gone and the walls of our structure have risen, or have we been content with a

meager supply of religious facts and failed to make replenishment from time to time?

Furthermore, if our knowledge is found to be considerable, what is its source—our own research, or the findings of others? Often we may have envied the spiritual experts among us and wished we could know vital answers as did they. But have we taken the time to dig deep into the scriptures to find those answers for ourselves? How readily can we turn to desired reference passages? How well, now, today, can we give evidence of that which we speak?

Then, what about the spirit, the soul of our building? Has our interior decoration become beautiful and complete by the application of knowledge gained in adorning and ennobling our character? Are there still some unadorned spots? What of the hidden envyings and grudges held long years against a neighbor, friend, or leader? What of the discontent or bitterness against our lot in life and the seeming misfortunes we have borne? What of the doubts, questionings against the acts of providence? What even of the wrongs we may have committed? Or of the service or kindly deed we may have neglected?

Yes, the building of our lives is not yet completed. There is still much embellishment to be done. We have a precious opportunity now to correct the mistakes of learning, of judgment, and of viewpoint; to add much new, beautiful truth to our store; to arrange our facts of knowledge into an orderly whole, and to become so familiar with those facts that they are made a part of us; to learn afresh what it means to repent of sin and to forgive trespasses against us; to become gentle and tender where we have been hard and unrelenting; in fine, to polish our souls until, indeed, they approach perfection and shine in exquisite beauty before that last inspection when we can say that our building is finished, ready for its final dedication.

These years may not be the golden period of our experience, for that was the period of strength and virility, of great activity and achievement, our youth. But these are the silver years—mellow, chaste, sweet—the time of the embellishment to the full of the structure of our lives.

Preface to Day

Dorothy J. Roberts

A finch's psalm pours from the pinion's bough
As dawn bathes me, lids closed, in coolness. Now
From the roof a whir; two velvet wings flap twice
Then sail away in silence. Day's precise
Alarm is rung. Faintly the young doves coo.
In the cone of the flowering crab, the warblers woo.
The summer long, repeated just this way,
Breakfasting on song, I begin the day,
Clinging to dreams a while before I rise,
Refreshed, to lift the curtains from my eyes.

Recipes From New Zealand

Submitted by Arta R. Ballif

Ancient Maori Hangi
(Underground Steam Cooking)

The ancient Maoris cooked their food in "hangis."

Method: Dig a hole one foot deep by two feet round. The shape and size vary according to the amount of food to be cooked. Line with medium-sized rocks (porous ones are best). On these place dry titree (wild scrub) and large pieces of wood to make a good fire. In an hour or so remove all traces of fire and clean the rocks by sprinkling lightly with water. Place over rocks a hangi ring (made from Nikau leaves). This keeps the food intact and allows complete removal. On this, place the food to be cooked, large pieces of pork, fish, kumara (sweet potato), pigeon, or fern root. Again sprinkle with water, generously, so as to create a steam. Cover with Nikau leaves, Nikau mat, and top soil. This is to prevent the escape of steam. In two hours, remove top coverings, lift out mat and the food is ready to eat. The same hangi could be a permanent cooking place.

The above method is used today on special occasions with slight improvements. Today, a wire netting is placed on the rocks. A white cloth is placed between the food and the leaves, and then wet sacks are placed over. On top of this, soil is used to cover all. It is actually a steam cooking, and important points to watch are that the rocks are washed clean, that there is sufficient water to create a steam, and that every trace of charcoal or burning wood is completely removed, so there will be no taste or smell of smoke. The absence of smoke taste is the secret of nicely cooked food.

A three or four day supply of food can be prepared at one time.

MAORI OLD-TIME FOODS

Pigeon
(A delicacy and a favorite of the Maori)

Snare required number of pigeons. Do not pluck or clean, simply cover completely with a clay paste and cook in hangi. When ready to eat, the clay will come away bringing with it all the feathers and leaving a clean and tasty dish. These birds never feed from the ground. In season they live only on the Miro berries, and this is the time they are "fat" and ready for the kill. Out of season they live on the leaves of the trees, and this signifies "no kill," as they are in a poor condition. The inside of the bird is also eaten.

Fern Root
(This serves as a potato to the Maori)

Gather fern roots, pound, and cook in hangi. Keeps indefinitely.

Dry Shark
(Do not think of man-eating sharks)

After the catch, clean, remove head, and hang by the tail in the sun until completely sun-dried. Can be eaten like this, or cut in pieces and placed on embers which softens it. This is a favorite dish which keeps indefinitely (and so does the smell).

MAORI FOODS SHOWING EUROPEAN INFLUENCE

Paua Fritters
(Paua is a large shell fish)

4 pauas
1 small onion
¼ tsp. salt
dash of pepper

Shell pauas, mince, and season with finely chopped onion, salt, and pepper.

Batter for Paua Fritters:

c. flour
tsp. baking powder
1 egg
milk

Mix together the flour and baking powder with the beaten egg and sufficient milk to form a creamy batter. To this, add the paua mixture and brown in spoon lots in smoking hot fat. Serve hot.

Pipi Pie

(Small shell fish, similar to oysters)

1 large dish of freshly gathered pipis
¼ tsp. salt and dash of pepper

Steam pipis sufficiently to open shells. Shell and mince. Season with onion, if desired; add salt and pepper. Line pie dish with flaky pastry and pour in pipi mixture. Cover with remainder of pastry and bake 20 minutes at 350° F. Serve hot.

Steak, Oyster, and Mushroom Savory

To every pound of meat allow one dozen oysters. (Sirloin or fillet steak are the best cuts for this dish.)

Cut meat into neat pieces and place one layer in casserole. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add a layer of chopped oysters, then a layer of chopped mushrooms. Continue this until casserole is full. Can be made with or without pastry. Cook in moderate oven one hour at 300° to 350° F.

NEW ZEALAND-EUROPEAN RECIPES

Anzac Biscuits

2 ozs. flour
3 ozs. sugar
1 teacup coconut
1 teacup rolled oats
2 ozs. butter
1 tbsp. golden syrup
½ tsp. soda
2 tbsp. boiling water

Mix flour, sugar, coconut, and rolled oats. Melt butter and golden syrup. Dissolve soda in boiling water and add to butter and golden syrup. Stir in the liquid. Place in spoonfuls on cold, greased trays. Bake 15 to 20 minutes at 350° F.

Holiday Loaf

4 c. flour
2 tsp. sugar
1 small, cold, boiled potato
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. baking powder
1 pint milk

Sift dry ingredients. Add mashed potato. Add milk to make a soft smooth dough. Knead quickly. Put in greased bread tin about three-fourths full. Smooth top with knife dipped in melted butter and milk. Bake one hour at 350° to 400° F. To prevent crusting too soon, place paper over top of loaf for the first 10 to 15 minutes. When done wrap in cloth until cool.

Buttercups

Mary C. Martineau

JOHN'S teacher was getting quite old; in fact, she was old enough to retire, but John didn't know it. John just knew that he loved her dearly and that she looked beautiful to him. She wore a brown taffeta dress with a little bunch of scarlet flowers that he liked on Monday. On Tuesday she wore a soft, black nylon dress with blue flowers and a full skirt that made her look as slim as a fairy queen crowned with snowy hair. On Wednesday she wore purple, on Thursday blue, but on Friday she wore a suit, and at recess she put her coat on over it and tied a scarf over her head for that was her day to "tend" the playground.

When the first spring days began to arrive, and the skies were blue and the sun shone, John would notice her looking up toward the old brown hills west of the schoolhouse, and he wondered what she was looking for. Then one day he found out. When recess was over, and all the children were sitting in their seats in position, she said to them, "Turn." They all turned in their seats to the right. Then she said, "Stand," and they all stood and faced her. "Now turn to the west," she said, "and look through the windows and tell me what you see."

They all turned and looked through the five long windows, and there they saw only the old brown hills. They were silent.

"What color are the hills, John?" she asked.

A little surprised and embarrassed, he answered, "Brown, Mrs. Miller, just brown," and she said, "Yes, John, just brown."

"Children," she continued, "there is magic working on those old brown hills now." Their eyes grew big. "One of these days when we look at them we will see what the magic has done. When we see them then they will not be brown, they will be green and you will know that spring is truly here."

A week or so later, one morning before school began, Mrs. Miller looked up from her desk to see John standing before her, with a bunch of wild flowers—buttercups—in his hand, and he offered them to her with his broadest smile. To the delight of all the children and especially of John, she held them up for all to see and admire.

"Where did you find them, John?" she asked, and he said, "On the hills."

Then, to their great delight, she took one buttercup out of the bunch and held it under John's chin to see if its pollen would color his throat. The little flower cast a bright yellow shadow on his little white throat. Each child was called in turn. They giggled with joy and delight.

Magic worked in the schoolroom as John's teacher said, "Now, turn, stand, and look toward the west." The old brown hills were green, and the children looked in silent wonder. But the teacher—she stood for a long moment lost in the memory of other old brown hills far away, where two little sisters and a dear pioneer mother had searched among the sages and wild grass for buttercups in the magic springtime.

Sarah Seely Larsen Has Enjoyed a Sewing Hobby for Seventy Years

THE many hours which Sarah Seely Larsen of Castle Dale, Utah, has spent sewing since she was fourteen, at which time she was drafting her own patterns for dresses, irts, pants, and coats, have been enjoyable and she is far from retiring from her hobby. or seventy years, her artistic hands have made many beautiful quilts, bridal gowns, and her dresses and clothing for her own family and others. Quilt top making became a al hobby about fifteen years ago, when she began piecing and quilting a quilt for each her grandchildren to present them when they married. She now has enough quilts n hand for the grandchildren who are not married.

She was born to Orange and Hanna Olsen Seely in Mount Pleasant, Utah, on ebruary 7, 1872. She married Samuel H. Larsen in 1890. Her husband was bishop Castle Dale Ward for eighteen years, and as a gracious hostess Sister Larsen received any of the General Authorities as guests in her home. Sister Larsen was secretary of ward Relief Society for ten years and also served for many years on a sewing committe making burial clothes. She is still active in Relief Society. In work meeting, she ways takes her place at the quilts.

Wind Pattern

Vesta N. Lukei

The whispering wind-born waves caress,
Insistently, the untouched beach
Until the ripple-patterned sands
Reveal the wind's imprint and reach.

Bitter Medicine

PART 3 (*Conclusion*)

Olive W. Burt

HELEN decided to put into immediate effect her plan for curing May Turner of her bad habit of gossiping. For the next few days she kept the telephone as busy as ever May, herself, could have done. And by the time of the first sewing meeting of the P. T. A. bazaar committee, she had talked to every woman on that committee, excepting one.

Lettie had been enthusiastic, as she always was over Helen's schemes whether for a neighborhood party, a money-making project, or just new ways to trim a kitchen apron.

"You're absolutely marvelous!" she exclaimed, when Helen had outlined her proposed treatment. "Trust you to think up the only thing that will work and that we could do with dignity!" she went off into peals of laughter. "I just can't wait to begin!"

"Now, Lettie," Helen cautioned, "this isn't any joke. It's serious therapy, I hope. I'm serious, at least."

"Oh, so am I," Lettie agreed.

"And," Helen went on firmly, "we mustn't let May get the slightest hint of what we propose, or it will absolutely fail. And there's another thing, Lettie. I'm counting on you to be tactful and generous, if it works."

Tess Carlson was dubious. "I don't know, Helen. Oh, I'm with you one hundred per cent, but it seems so simple — such an easy way of treating something as vicious as that gossiping. I think May Turner needs a dose of really bitter medicine."

"This will be bitter enough, Tess," Helen said gently, and a sudden comprehension of the full impact of her program struck her, and she was afraid — afraid of hurting May too much, of being the one to inflict hurt upon another human being.

Marge Lewis took it as a huge joke. "What a scream!" she giggled. "I know I'll die laughing when I see her face."

"I don't think it will strike us as funny, Marge," Helen told her. "I think we'll find it pretty hard to do."

"Maybe so," Marge agreed, "but don't go tender-hearted on us, Helen. I, for one, will relish seeing her face." She stopped abruptly, and after a moment went on, "You didn't know that I have reason to want to cure that gossiping, did you? Because we never pass around stories about our neighbors, I kept this to myself. But I'm going to tell you now.

"May Turner hurt my mother dreadfully last summer, when Mother was visiting me. You know what a friendly soul Mother is, and how she thought she'd do us younger women a good turn by baby-sitting for anyone who wanted an evening off. And she did it to be friendly, and wouldn't take a cent of pay. Well, she offered to tend May's two and, of course, May snatched at the chance. But when Mother refused to take pay for doing a neighborly

ob like that, May couldn't under-tand it, and she began hinting round that Mother was baby-sitting ust to get a chance to snoop around he houses. And her hints grew nd grew, as they always do. And, f course, Mother finally got to hear hat May was saying. May intended er to hear it, too. It nearly broke Mother's heart. I could have torn May's hair out when I saw Mother's ace that day."

Helen shook her head sadly. "I on't think I'd have blamed you, ither, Marge. How awful for your nother. She is such a darling — ny Jill adored her."

"All the children did — and stay-ng with them, tucking them into ed, and telling them stories made Mother so happy. And everyone xcepting May, was wonderful. You ent Mother flowers every day from our garden, and Lois Jensen made er three pretty aprons, and Lettie ook her riding many an evening. Everyone made her happy but May — she had to spoil it all."

"Well, then, you'll help?" Helen sked, getting back to the subject bout which she had called.

"Of course, I'll help. And I now some of the women on the ewing committee have just as much eason to follow your lead as I do. m sure it'll be unanimous."

"I hope so," Helen sighed. "It vill be so much swifter and better everyone co-operates."

AS the time for the first sewing meeting drew near, Helen be-an to have misgivings. To her entle, friendly soul her plan seemed erribly harsh and brutal. She shud-ered when she thought of what he had started, and sometimes thought she would have turned back the clock to pre-scheme days if she could.

And then she would remember Jill, round-eyed and casual, "When is Daddy going to jail, Mommy?" And she would see Tess Carlson's tear-streaked face as she cried, "He said that to Jim—to my Jim!" And she would hear Marge's voice breaking when she said, "I could have torn her hair out when I saw Mother's face that day." Then Helen would straighten her shoulders, stick out her chin, and resolve to go through with the plan. "Bitter or not, she must take her medicine!"

In spite of her determination and her conviction that she was doing right, Helen found herself shaking as she dressed to go to the meeting. Her palms were wet with perspiration and her spine felt cold. She stood for a long moment before she opened the door to go out, wondering whether she would have the nerve to go through with her plan.

"But I have to," she sighed. "I thought it up; I got the others into it." Tears stung her eyelids. "But I feel sorry for May!"

She went early to the meeting, feeling that it was her responsibility to be there, to take upon her own shoulders the burden of the job ahead. But as she went into the school library, which had been turned over to them for these sewing sessions, she found a number of the women already there. They greeted Helen with cries of welcome, and Helen, looking at them, saw that they were as tense and worried as she.

She spoke to them quietly. "Let's be as kind as we can." Then, "Let's

get started on our work. We're to make fiber corsages today, you know."

She opened the big box of materials and began to distribute them. The women picked up the fiber and wire, the stems and leaves, and started to fashion the flowers they had learned to make during a winter craft class.

They had scarcely begun, however, when the door opened and May came bustling in, cheery and efficient, ready to do her full share of the task. Helen, seeing her this way, recalling what a good worker she was, felt her throat swell with pain at the thought of what lay ahead. Mercifully, though, she knew that May was unaware of their plan.

For perhaps half an hour everything went along smoothly and happily, the busy snip, snip, snip of the scissors making a pleasant staccato accompaniment for the buzz of conversation. The topics discussed were harmless enough: the bright sayings of the children, the efforts of the teachers to help a backward youngster, gardens, food, books. And then, as everyone knew it would, the gossip began.

May leaned closer to Marge Lewis, who happened to be sitting next to her, and said in a hissing whisper that could be heard all around the long table, "Oh, Marge, I just have to tell you. You know Miss Wilson, the third grade teacher? Well, what do you think? I was coming out of the drugstore last night—Teddy had a cough and I'd run down to pick up some cough medicine—and I saw her with. . . ."

Her voice stopped suddenly, and a startled look came into her eyes as they rested on Marge's face. Marge had very quietly laid down her work and placed her hands over both ears.

THE blood came slowly into May's face, dyeing it a painful red, and she turned quickly to see whether anyone had noticed Marge's gesture. And as her eyes flew around the table, the red in her face and neck grew deeper, mottled, as if it would burst from the pores. For every woman there had her hands firmly over her eyes or her lips or her ears.

May Turner swallowed hard, ducked her head, and began to work furiously. The others took up their work where they had dropped it, and the buzz of conversation began again. But no one felt like smiling at May's discomfiture. Every woman there felt as if it had been her own punishment, and the conversation was kept up with difficulty.

Helen felt her throat constricted with pain, but she made herself tell an anecdote about Jill and her guppies, and gradually the tension eased a little and things seemed almost normal again. For another half hour, and then May, who had kept determinedly out of the conversation, heard someone mention Clarice Hapgood, who had just announced her engagement.

This was too much for May. She looked up, evidently forgetting her recent discomfiture, and began, "That reminds me, girls! Clarice is just twenty, isn't she? Well, you know I don't believe she is really the Hapgood's child. Just twenty years ago Jane Hapgood. . . ."

She stopped, gulped, and again

e blood rushed to her face. All ound the table the women sat, nds over eyes, ears, and lips.

May jumped to her feet, flinging wn her work. "You awful wom- !" she cried. "You're horrible! rrible! I hate you all!" and she rned and ran from the room.

Helen got up quickly and fol- wed her. Outside in the hall May od leaning against the wall, her nds over her face, her shoulders aking with sobs. Helen went iftly to her.

"May!" she said gently.

"Go away! Go away!" May cried. don't want to talk to any of you! u all act so superior — you all tend . . . ." Her words were pped by her crying.

Helen put her arms about the aking woman. "I know it was ful," she began, close to tears rself. "But we felt we had to something. . . ."

"You all hate me, you always ve!" May went on hysterically. try to be one of you. I work rd at everything we have to do— never shirk, never ask anyone to my share. I want to be one of u — I did want to. But not any re. I hate you all!"

"No," Helen said. "No, you don't te us—not the others, anyway. u can hate me if you must, May, cause it was my idea. I talked the ers into it. . . ."

MAY'S hands dropped from her face and she stared at Helen surprise. "You? You, the in- mparable Helen Lund? You ught this up! Well, now I know u for what you are!"

"Yes," Helen admitted sadly, s, you do. And I guess I'm not any better than I need be. But you see, May, your gossiping was hurting people. I don't think you realize how much you were hurting us all. Did you know that Jim Carlson nearly lost his partnership because you told around that he'd been in a crooked uranium deal and made a lot of money at it?"

"I didn't say that he had!" May objected belligerently. "I just said I wouldn't be surprised. . . ."

"And Jill was wondering when her Daddy was going to go to jail. Oh, May, you've said things about us all—things that weren't true, that didn't have a single basis in truth. And we just had to stop you."

"But why me?" May wailed. "Why pick on me?"

Helen sat down on a bench there in the hall and drew May down beside her. Then, much as she had spoken to Jill a few days earlier, she said quietly, "Look at me, May. It's because you are the one who starts these stories—every time."

May sat still a moment and then said, sniffling a little, "Well, you have done what you wanted to do. You've showed me you don't want me here. I'll resign from the P.T.A., and if I can get Ted to move, we'll move, and you won't be bothered with me any more. You've never liked me."

"We do like you, May. We like you so much that we were willing to go through this unpleasant scene in order to cure you of the one thing we can't tolerate any longer. Don't you ever think of what harm you are doing?"

May sat silent, wiping her eyes. Then she raised her head. "I guess I don't think, really." She began to cry again. "I don't know what's

the matter with me — I don't know why I do it! Sometimes, when you people have been extra nice to me I make up my mind I'll never breathe another word about you. And then something happens—and I feel left out. I want to be in with you, attract your attention—so I say something I know will startle you—anything. Lots of times I don't even think what I am going to say —it just pops out."

Helen looked at the woebegone face, and impulsively she gave May's shoulders a friendly squeeze. "You sound just like a little girl— a contrite little girl!" she smiled gently. And then she went on firmly, "But you're not a little girl, May. You're a woman, and we want you to be one with us."

May shook her head sadly. "But how can I? How can I ever speak to any of you again? I'll always see those dreadful faces with their hands. . . ." She choked on the words.

"I'll tell you what to do, May. Come back into the room with me. Act as if nothing had happened. You'll see. Everyone will be glad it is over."

May made no move to rise. "Maybe it's not over, Helen. Maybe I'll forget and start gossiping again . . . . Will they — are they going to. . .?"

"Yes, May. I think they will. I think they will keep on with this treatment until they cure you."

"Then what can I do?"

"Take it in the spirit in which it is meant, May. It is bitter medicine, but it is given as medicine, just that. Swallow it — and if you need repeated doses, take them like the woman you are. You have plenty of courage, I know — plenty of spunk. Come on, then. Let's make use of it."

The word *spunk* seemed to do the trick. May's shoulders straightened. She stood up. Her head raised.

"You're right, Helen. I do have spunk — as much spunk as any of them." She managed a rueful smile. "And I guess it did take a good deal of gumption for you all to do this — I know you well enough to know that you didn't particularly relish it—or you'd have done it long before this. Well, come on. Let's go back into the room and face my doctors." Her voice broke a little, but she walked purposefully toward the door.

Helen followed slowly. She knew she could count on the others to do the right thing—to act as if nothing unusual had taken place that afternoon. And she could count on May, too. She was a soldier—she was worth curing!

The Length

Frances C. Yost

The thing a lady won't discuss,
Or does with brevity,
The darkest secret of her past,
Her own longevity.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through ake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and e *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

notograph submitted by Leona S. Seiter

GRANITE STAKE (UTAH) HONORS VISITING TEACHERS AT CONVENTION

Honored with all the visiting teachers of Granite Stake at a program and buffet ncheon were the oldest visiting teachers (in point of service) from each of the six ards in the stake.

Front row, left to right, are: Lucinda C. Harrington, Columbus Ward, forty-ree years of service as a visiting teacher; Martha Jane R. Johnson, Fairmont Ward, xty-six years of service.

Back row, left to right: Mervel A. Hall, Nibley Park Ward, forty-five years of rvice; Rhoda Reid, Forest Dale Ward, fifty years of service; Gertrude Johnson, Wells Ward, forty-nine years of service; Dora R. Wilcken, Lincoln Ward, thirty-four years service.

Elsie B. North, President, Granite Stake Relief Society, reports that "a rge percentage of all visiting teachers were in attendance and enjoyed an inspiring ogram and buffet luncheon."

Photograph submitted by Marion N. Pinkston

LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ADAMS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS ELDERLY MEMBERS

Front row, seated, left to right: Marie Clark, Secretary, Adams Ward Relief Society; Faye Moon, Second Counselor; Ingeborg Brinck, First Counselor; Mary Evelyn Spencer, President.

Marion N. Pinkston, President, Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, reports: "This midsummer celebration honored the Relief Society sisters who have been members for over fifty years. Many of the sisters in this protograph have been members of the Adams Ward since the days when it was the only ward in Southern California. There are now 213 wards in the Southern California area."

Photograph submitted by Edna S. Walker

ALPINE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY COMMEMORATES THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF RELIEF SOCIETY IN AMERICAN FORK, UTAH
September 26, 1956

More than forty Relief Society sisters participated in the program of the opening social which, also, commemorated the organization of Relief Society in American Fork, October 24, 1856. Shown in the picture, left to right, are: Melissa Robinson; Doris Robinson; Norma Smith; Harriet Mulliner; Emma Steiner; Nellie Crystal; Nancy

eece; Mary McTague; Mary Griffith; Edna S. Walker, Stake Relief Society President; leone Cleghorn, Counselor; Erma Burgess, Counselor; Dorothy Wright; Esther hristensen; Lucile Walker; Alice Vance; Elsie Strong; Myrtle Seastrand; Luana Smith.

Back row: Leona Anderson; Jean Gordon; Vivian Barker; Myrl Scott; Lillie Beck; sie Walker; Zella Thornton; Lydia Kirkpatrick.

In the program, from the frame on the right, the story of the first Relief Society American Fork was dramatized. Sister Elsie Strong represented the first American rk Relief Society president, Agnes Crooks. Scenes typical of this period, such as eat gleaning, visiting teaching when commodities were gathered, and silkworm rais-, were pictured.

The second part of the program introduced the 1956-57 program. Musical num-rs in keeping with the theme of each course were presented, and refreshments were ved.

otograph submitted by Ruby M. Nielsen

HI STAKE (UTAH), FAIRFIELD BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS GAIN JOY FROM QUILT-MAKING EXPERIENCE

Left to right, front row: Myrtle Erickson; Lois Maybe; Sophronia Dubois, Secre-y-Treasurer; Leah McKinney, President, Fairfield Branch Relief Society; Mildred rson, Second Counselor; and Vera Carson, First Counselor.

Back row: President Oscar A. Kirkham of The First Council of Seventy, and roline Cook.

Ruby M. Nielsen, President, Lehi Stake Relief Society, sends in the report of ter McKinney that the day the sisters were quilting the quilt which had been pieced Edith Strasburg of Lehi, they were discussing ways in which to sell the quilt to meone outside the branch. Then President Kirkham came, and "he brought such weet peaceful spirit with him. He encouraged us and told us we were doing a nderful work. He wanted to buy the quilt, said collecting pieced quilts was his bby. He said, 'They remind me of my mother.'" Sister McKinney continues: f course, we were honored to add this quilt to his collection. . . . He asked that all put our names on the quilt, then bring it to him at his office.

"The day we took the quilt to Brother Kirkham was full of memorable ex-iences. . . . As we lunched with this kind, loving man, he introduced us to a num-of other Church authorities. Then we saw many more including President McKay. e visited the Church offices and toured the temple grounds."

Photograph submitted by Isabella P. Walton

SOUTH BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH) JOINS WITH BEAR RIVER STAKE AND NORTH BOX ELDER STAKE SINGING MOTHERS IN PRESENTING MUSIC FOR SOUTH BEAR RIVER STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
September 2, 1956

South Bear River Stake President Isabella P. Walton is seated fourth from the left on the front row; pianist Christine Mason at the piano; organist Ann Freiss, standing back of Sister Mason; organist Arlene Ficklin, at the left of Sister Freiss; Prudence W. Reeder, North Box Elder Stake chorister, back of Sister Ficklin; Hilma C. Anderson, South Bear River Stake chorister, and conductor of the group, seated third to the right of the piano, in the front row.

This group participated, with other Singing Mothers choruses, in the October annual general Relief Society conference.

Photograph submitted by Cleona W. Hedenstrom

OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), TWENTIETH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PAST AND PRESENT EXECUTIVE OFFICERS HOLD OUTSTANDING SOCIAL

Front row, left to right: Rilla Beck, President, Twentieth Ward Relief Society; past presidents: Katherine Smeding; Elva Kunz; Grace McFarland; and Kate Woodbury, former Ogden Stake president.

Second row, left to right: Myrtle Hansen; Mildred Alkema; Mabel Belnap; Martha London; Mary Perkins; Lenora Jacobsen; Caroline Kranenberg; Mattie Manning.

Third row, left to right: Ella Anderson; Ruth Williams; Alice Martin; Addie ilsipher; Vera Arrington; Edith Arnold.

Officers who were not present when the picture was taken are: Bergloit Dinsdale; iza Carruth; Bessie Mumford; Marcella Carruth.

Cleona W. Hedenstrom, President, Ogden Stake Relief Society, reports: "Twenty-ht years of Relief Society were informally talked over at the anniversary party of Twentieth Ward Relief Society of Ogden Stake. Former ward executive officers re guests of honor at this program" which was "one of the outstanding parties of season. A beautiful red rose was presented to each of the guests, symbolizing the e the ward organization feels for each one of these faithful sisters."

otograph submitted by Mildred B. Jarvis

MARICOPA STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS VISITING TEACHER CONVENTION, September 27, 1956

Visiting teachers who have served over forty years in the Maricopa Stake are tured, left to right, first row: Lillian Palmer; Pearl Mathenia; Blanche Boyle; Hazel Cook; Edna Martin; Harriett Webb; Minnie Bond; Vera Judd.

Back row: Esther Lewis; Ida Wakefield; Nettie Shumway; Louise Skousen; Vera nings; Dora Openshaw; Phoebe Scott. Not present: Hattie Miller and Sina Mortenn, eighty-nine, who has served as a visiting teacher for the longest period of time.

Mildred B. Jarvis, President, Maricopa Stake Relief Society, reports: "Each ward ticipated through song, prayer, or speech, and all wards were well represented in neral attendance." She writes that a skit on the presentation of the message in the mes was enacted by visiting teachers from the Mesa Fourth Ward, written by lian Peterson, stake visiting teacher message leader. A tribute to all women who e accepted the visiting teacher calling was presented by Sister Peterson. "Stake ard members contributed much to the success of the convention through their argement of details, friendliness, and good will extended to the sisters," and by nishing and serving the refreshments.

Photograph submitted by Belva Petersen

EAST OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), THIRTY-SIXTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS OLDEST MEMBERS, September 27, 1956

Belva Petersen, President, East Ogden Stake, reports that Elizabeth Clarke East, (left) and Ida H. Wilson Spence (right), were special guests at the opening social of the Thirty-sixth Ward Relief Society. Leona Nielson, (center) President, Thirty-sixth Ward Relief Society, presented corsages to the two sisters who are eighty-two years old. Sister East has been active in Relief Society for twenty-three years and Sister Spence is a visiting teacher and has been in Relief Society for twenty years. Both are converts to the Church. A program and dinner featured the occasion.

Not By Chance

Gene Romolo

How comes reanimation of the earth,
As spring, each year, its golden wings unfolds?
Not just by chance, this miracle has birth.
The sentient mind, a Master's hand, beholds—
Clothing with sheen of sun, the daffodil . . .
Fashioning the violet's purple gown . . .
Increasing music in a rippling rill . . .
And placing upon lily brows a crown.

That which comes by chance will have its flaw,
This is perfection born of highest law.

Herbs for Modern Cookery

TARRAGON

Elizabeth Williamson

TARRAGON is a perennial which grows about two feet high. It may divided in the fall and starts made from tings or root divisions. The superior iety, French tarragon, produces no ds.

Esdragon is the French word for tar- on, which means "little dragon." "Lit- dragon" referred to snakes and rep- s during the middle ages. The leaves the herb esdragon (tarragon) were used healing the bites of the reptiles.

Esdragon or tarragon is a delicate herb, wing beautifully. It produces dark en leaves and tiny white blossoms ich give off a delightful spicy aroma. rragon is most commonly known for use in vinegars, but if used sparingly seasoning for fish sauces (Tartar) and flavor chicken, these foods will have a tle and different quality.

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(Chicken and Tarragon)

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..... EASTER BELLS (2 Part)—Durocher .20
..... GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD—Stainer ..... .16
..... HOSANNA—Granier ..... .20
..... HOSANNA BLESSED IS HE—Marryott ..... .18
..... JOYOUS EASTER SONG—House.... .20
..... LEGENDE—Tschaikowsky ..... .20
..... MY REDEEMER LIVES—Gates..... .20
..... OUR CHRIST HAS RISEN—Connor .25
..... THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY—Gounod ..... .18

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dish. The tarragon sauce is served over steamed rice, with boiled chicken. This dish, with a leafy, green salad is a gourmet's meal.

TARRAGON SAUCE

½ pt. cream
2 tbsp. flour
salt and ground pepper to taste
½ cube butter
1 pinch of tarragon

This is a rich sauce, unusual and rather exotic in flavor.

Window Gardens

Gladys Hesser Burnham

My mother's window sills were full
Of coleus and fern,
Geraniums and violet plants,
Each striving in its turn
To blossom best or bush the most,
Rewarding tender care,
Just like her children growing in
That loving, fragrant air.

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Birthday Congratulations

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Julia C. Burr, Provo, Utah, ninety-nine; Mrs. Lorine I. Higbee, Toquerville, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Esther Sessions Barber, Syracuse, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Ann Dalley Pratt, Bountiful, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Clara B. Singleton, Ferron, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Wilhelmina Wiltbank Marble, Lehi, Arizona, ninety-two; the following women who have reached their ninety-first birthdays: Mrs. Minnie S. Weibel, South Gate, California; Mrs. Pamela E. Thompson Smith, Centerville, Utah; Mrs. Lucy Ann Francis Jenson, Clarkston, Utah; Mrs. Emma Peterson Riddle, Richfield, Utah; Mrs. Anna S. Hillstead, Preston, Idaho; Mrs. Catherine Bennett, Pocatello, Idaho; and the following women who have reached their ninetieth birthdays: Mrs. Eleanor Spencer Jensen, Sandy, Utah; Mrs. Nona Phippen, Alhambra, California; Mrs. Rose Ann Guidici Young, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Louisa Neat Grimmett, Paris, Idaho; Mrs. Mary Ann Batty Smith, Randolph, Utah; Mrs. Anna May Stratton Smith, Sherman Oaks, California.

Robin

Evelyn Fjeldsted

There is a robin out there,
On a bare icy limb.
He came back too soon,
For the weather is grim.

He has waited for spring,
Its warmth he has missed;
To see winter in flight,
He could not resist.

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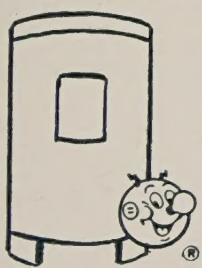

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